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THE SORROW OF THE SEA.

A SERMON, BY JOHN F. W. WARE.*

JEREMIAH xlix. 23: — "There is sorrow on the sea."

THE last month is a memorable one. It must long stand out in our annals marked by a melancholy pre-eminence. Sweeping all along our coast, extending its fury far into the ocean, the fearful hurricane has been busy, and its harvest has been large. Heaving upon the restless waves are the shattered fragments of strong ships; wedged among rocks and shapeless, lie the deserted hulks; the sands are strewn with wrecks; and far down in the still caverns of the sea, where no light and no sound come, sleep the brave, the loved, that sleep which knows no waking until the deep gives up its dead. "There is sorrow on the sea." Mingled with its roar is a voice of wailing, and its subdued murmurings have a solemn undertone. It will be to us in its power, in its peace henceforth what it has not heretofore; for it shall chant the dirge of many a proud vessel that went forth upon its waters triumphantly, to find itself overmastered by the tempest; it shall sing the requiem of many a brave heart, whose hope went out upon the high sea, quenched by the remorseless wave. It shall tell of homes left desolate, where loved ones watched and waited and hoped, when hope had become a mocking agony; it shall bring the orphan's grief, and the widow's despair, ever min-

* Preached in the Church of the "Cambridgeport Parish," Jan. 22, 1854.

gling with its wild dash, or its low monotonous heave. Curling at our feet as we wander by the sand, or scattering its spray over us as we stand upon the rock, it shall fill us with tender memories of the dead, it shall lift our hearts in prayer for the living; it shall give us a tenderer sympathy for them that go down to the sea in ships, that do business on the deep, and make us glow in admiration at the courage, and good-will, and noble heroism of them whose home is upon the sea.

Those of us who have spent our lives neither by the sea nor yet far from it, — who have none of that love for it which intimate acquaintance with its many moods engenders, or that awe which he feels who sees it but once, or at long intervals, — have but little true thought of that great sea. The daily paper tells us that such and such ships arrive, and such and such sail; we know in general that much business is transacted upon the water, — that it is the great high-way of intercourse among the nations. We now and then, in the warmer season, seek its reinvigorating breezes; but we have little thought of or interest in that vast mass which embraces within its arms the kingdoms of the world. And yet what a wonderful thing is ocean! what creation of God more suggestive of divine wisdom and strength and skill and goodness! Covering more space than the solid land, seemingly restless and fickle, yet is it controlled by laws as sure as those which operate on land. Twice every day it lifts its huge bulk, and advances toward the shore. The rocks and sands are submerged. It seems as if its steady march could not be stayed; — but when the appointed mark is reached, the hour come, slowly it recoils upon itself, and the rocks and sands are bare. Its friendly currents set now here, now there; running down this coast, and now stretching across to touch another continent; its trade-winds fill the waiting sail, and propel the mariner toward his port. It lies in calm, and it mirrors heaven; almost the firmament above and the firmament below seem twin creations: — it wakes in its power, and nothing less can it typify than the power of God. Men rejoice to be on its bosom. It is a present pleasure as well as a hope of future gain. They pace the deck, they lie along the yards, they mount to topmasts, they court the breeze, they revel in the lazy luxury, their hearts are glad. But when the storm comes, and the white waves rage, and the winds howl, and black night embraces, and the stout ship quivers, and the tall mast is bowed, and the cruel,

inexorable leak gains, then "there is sorrow on the sea," — fear, despair; and yet amid all, in some, what courage, what discretion, what noble self-abandonment, what power to control, to cheer others! The heroic man seems to have found his element, and he is great, — great as all nobleness is great, — in all that wild havoc and mad destruction, amid mountain waves and lightning glare and instant peril, greater than them all.

"There is sorrow on the sea;" for but now great ships have gone down into the abyss, and heroic man could not save. The heart of the community is touched, and the sorrow is deep and general. Nearing her home, there came a stately vessel; stateliest she, not long since, among all her sisterhood of the neighboring city. She was freighted with human beings. On she came, a miracle of grace and speed; her white sails surging longingly towards the shore of her birth. Suddenly a shock — a crash, — and all is over with that fair ship. Her doom is sealed; her race is run; her short career of fame is over; she settles into her grave. From her sides leap the frail boats. A few have filled them, and have pushed off, and live to tell the story. Lying upon a mattress upon a table is the maimed form of the master; he who with proud step had paced that deck, and thought lovingly of his ship as she flew through the yielding water; whose affections outsped her swift pace, as he thought of home, and all that he yearned for there. Around that table, row behind row, are clustered a hundred human souls, — that helpless man the centre of their earthly hope. They gaze upon that serene face, and all their own fears are hushed. He moves not, and they move not. And so they stand, and so they wait; and so death finds them, gazing upon that face, sustained by that Christian courage. And so the last human being left them. And when he next peered through the murky darkness, the lights were gone, the dark hulk had disappeared, while it seemed as if one solitary shriek joined itself with the wail of the many waters. I have heard of heroes in life and heroes in death, — I read many names engraved upon the records of fame, many which have acquired a human immortality; but I know no act recorded anywhere that so mingles the hero and the Christian as this death-scene of that man. It had none of the brave energy of despair, but the calm endurance and resignation of faith.

Again. A huge, staunch steamer, thoroughly equipped, sails

out of a neighboring harbor, her vast sides crowded, criminally overcrowded, with human life. The fierce tempest overtakes her, and soon she is a shapeless, unmanageable wreck; tossed, and worried, and threatened; and every buffet seems as if it would seal her fate. A single wave sweeps into eternity more than a hundred souls. Days come and go, and the weary night-watches pass. At last a sail! By great effort, a few are taken off; and then still, though leaking and short of food, the rescuer hovers about for two days and nights for the chance that she may do more good. Days and nights still pass, till fourteen have been told, all the while the mad sea wreaking its wrath upon this helpless mass, leaping upon it and lashing it, and foaming about it, as some huge monster raging in impatience for its prey. And now again a sail, — but the winds carry to the vacant waste the cry for help. A written message at last is sent on board. It asks help, and offers pay. There are very many traits of heroism in this whole matter, — deeds of calmness and self-devotion almost beyond our credence; deeds which make a man feel what a noble thing is this humanity of ours. There are many touching things in the recital; but no one thing so moved my admiration, so touched my heart, as that noble answer of that noble-hearted Scotchman, — “*What does the man mean? It is not money that I’m after, I’m stopping for humanity’s sake!*” Again, the next day, all he could do was to say, “*I’ll stand by you if I sink;*” and so still another day wore on, — and though in peril himself, he did stand by till he could save. You may talk of heroism on the field of battle, or of humanity when the carnage is over; you may hand to the ages the words of a Nelson dying in the arms of victory; but it is words like these at moments like these, it is deeds like these when no false sentiment incites, that reveal what there is in man. It seems invidious, where so many did their duty, to single out one act; but, for myself, this, and those cheers that spoke the farewell of the rescued sufferers to their gallant commander, and the answer of that young man when the thousand dollars were proffered him the other day in New York, have been to me, though differing widely in their character, the noblest things connected with that event of almost incredible hardship, — almost incredible nobleness.

And does it not almost surpass credence? Were there any supposable purpose, would it not seem as if it must all be a horrid

hoax? I cannot stretch my mind to comprehend those fourteen days of uncertainty and ever-present death. How much do two weeks in ordinary life embrace! Days, nights, sabbaths, joys, sorrows, changes! How much we do, and how great the variety of our doing! Recall a fortnight; then think of that time spent with hundreds upon a helpless mass of wood and iron, death threatening from without, death busy within, hearts depressed by what had been, fearful of what might be, and does it seem possible that human powers could have endured it? I recall nothing like it, though there have been many scenes of horror on the wild wilderness of waters, though many have been reduced to severer personal straits; but the length of time, the unmitigated tempest, the number lost and the number exposed, all go to give it a sad pre-eminence among the misfortunes of the sea. We men of the present day shall never forget it. May they who were saved bear always with them a deep and constant gratitude to God, and may they to whom this "sorrow on the sea" comes most nearly be counselled and comforted by Him who rules the winds and holds in his hand the waters!

These disasters have attracted a general attention, and aroused a general sympathy; though, owing to the fact that the latter was in some sense a national vessel, its fate assumes the greater prominence. The "Staffordshire" and the "San Francisco" will be long connected with the "sorrows of the sea." On many lips will be the history of their fate, and many hearts will glow at the recital of virtues so conspicuous in the long hours of peril. May it do something toward establishing among men a reverence for such virtues, rather than those qualities which have too long usurped public regard and excited individual emulation. There are moral teachings to be educed from such events. It is a poor use we make of these, when we are content with talking about them for a season, or, in transient admiration or emotion, allow our sentiments to evaporate. "The sorrows of the sea," from which we are individually exempt, are constantly affecting the homes, the lives, the fortunes, the hopes, of a large portion of our countrymen. No great gale sweeps along our coast that is not the signal of sorrow to some heart. No day passes but somewhere are peril and loss. Such facts should impress upon us a more genuine interest in and sympathy with a class in the community who have been but too largely separated from interest and sympathy. The sailor has

been considered more as an outcast than as a useful, producing citizen; he has been the drudge, out of whose sinews and dangers and toils foreign intercourse has been possible, and all that civilization owes to that. He has made the princely fortune of many a man who has spared for him barely a pittance. He places upon our tables, and makes familiar at our hearths, a thousand necessities of life. He is a promoter of general good, to whom we all owe much; yet has humanity too long passed him by on the other side, overlooking the noble characteristics of his profession, and by her injustice adding another to the "sorrows of the sea."

Look for a moment at some of those characteristics.

A life upon the sea is a life of danger. It requires consummate skill and prudence in those who command, implicit confidence and prompt action in those who obey. It demands courage in all,—not a brute courage, the sudden flashing up of animal excitement, which may do very well for a soldier in a battle,—but a calm, deep, cultivated courage, not only ready to act at the moment, but to stand by, and wait, and endure. Dealing with two most uncertain elements, a swift destruction liable to overtake the least neglect, the sailor must have watchfulness, he must have wisdom, a clear head as well as a steady arm, wit to devise and quickness to execute. Pacing the deck, standing at the wheel, lying along the yard, in storm or calm, he needs to have and hold in constant training a variety of virtue which we on land have little use for, and do not enough consider. Upon them all hang issues, affecting not his own happiness, success, life alone, but the success of the voyage, the happiness of his home, the lives of how many helpless beings, who, without a hesitation, have committed themselves to his keeping. I know nothing needed to the complete development of the sailor, nothing wanting to him as a man, except that he be shielded from the temptations so singularly besetting him,—be brought into a true connection with man, and be taught his duty to God. Where will you care for a more complete realization of what is demanded, than was found in that Christian sailor, whose last recorded words were, "Then, if I must be lost, God's will be done"?

But there is a higher virtue characteristic of the sailor, and which seems to cling closely to, or grow immediately out of, his vocation. You may possibly rate these others low down in the scale, but you cannot this. I mean his good-will, his active, self-

denying charity. Who that ever came in contact with a sailor has not recognized this, sometimes the only virtue that redeemed a moral wreck? There is a great deal that is niggardly in the world, a vast deal of incomprehensible meanness among men; but I do not think it is found among sailors. Charitable to a fault are they, — sympathetic as a woman. The last penny is not their own, if there be a needy one who claims it. They seem to have learned well the Christian obligation to help one another. See how it was in this last case. Two of those rescuing ships were in a leaky condition and on short allowance. Had the common sailors thought only of themselves, the masters could not have carried out their kind intentions. The labor and the peril were to come upon them, and there was no shrinking, no word of mutiny; and it is said that, when some few military officers, safe on board the first ship, desired to make all sail for the nearest port, they were overruled by the men of the sea, who from captain to crew declared they would stand by, and did cruise two tempestuous days and nights. If you can cull out from your own reading or experience any more unselfish act than this; if you can show any act on land that has a deeper element of good-will in it; if you can point any thing better worth praise, reward, monument; if you can see any way in which the community or Congress can more ennoble themselves than by testimonials of gratitude and appreciation, — then you and I have read life from a different book, and look upon human duty from a different point of view.

Still I am not without the fear that the matter may be overdone. Public sympathy is impulsive; once touched, quick to do, fearful not to do enough. It may appear heartless in me, but I have thought there was danger of *over-rewarding*, so far as money may do it, and that the effect might be on the recipients to make them regard their deed in a false light, and on others to incite them to act less from the pure prompting of the heart than from the hope of ultimate reward. However, it is a mighty question, — and I will not open it, — how far the duty that we owe one another can, under any circumstances, be a just subject of pecuniary reward. If we neglect to help, we are to blame; if we do it, we only discharge a duty. Men are but too prone to regard a simple doing of duty as meritorious. I think there is much food for thought in those words of our Saviour: "We are

unprofitable servants; we have done what it was our duty to do." I am glad something is to be done in this case; I hope it will not be too much; enough to show a sympathy with "the sorrow of the sea," an appreciation of noble conduct, not enough to spoil the unadulterated principle of good-will which should exist large and full in every human bosom, not enough to make any sailor, as he flies to the relief of distress, think of possible reward. I am glad, too, for the wisdom that includes the common sailor. Surely this is an advance in the right direction. Too long has the master or the general monopolized the credit that was of right the property of others. Too much have men applauded those who had the accident of position. The fireman twenty feet under the sea-surface, the sailor double or treble that height above it, — to their fidelity, bravery, persistence, — to the way in which they *do* what the captain only *speaks*, — belong largely the honor and the success. Let us have more of this appreciation of the unobserved and unknown, who do not occupy conspicuous places, but are essential parts of great results.

There is "sorrow on the sea," not only now when these disasters are fresh in our hearts, but always, and always must be so long as the waves shall roll between divided empires. They that go down into the sea in ships not only see the works of God, but fearfully they feel his power. May our heart be open in charity for their failings, in sympathy for their distresses! May we be quick to feel, slow to condemn; in our hearts, and our homes, and our churches, remember the mariner upon the sea, and the waiting household upon the shore; and, while God moves upon the face of the waters to do his own purposes, may a wise humanity do what it can to lessen the number and the magnitude of "*the sorrows on the sea*"!

GREAT RESULTS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

WHEN the little slip of grape-vine was first set out in a back yard, it was a very puny affair; but, by gentle nursing and many protecting influences, it began to show itself a thing of life. One might almost fancy, as it threw out its little tendrils, that they were so many arms which lovingly coveted an embrace; but by degrees they grew larger, and put on a sort of defiance to bluff winds and heavy storms, and they would sway back and forth; and, when tired with playing with the breezes, they would creep into some small crevice, and wind themselves with mighty firmness about a rusty nail, or a stray hook, or the little projective sliver which the schoolboy had left untrimmed when he last used his jack-knife.

The vine had now attained a hardy growth. It had even required the skilful florist to cut off the supernumerary tendrils which it was thought would deprive the fruit it bore, of its size and rich flavor, and, as it spread over a great space, it became one of the most refreshing objects upon which the eye could rest.

But, alas! the poor vine that had been such an ambitious climber, and had put forth such productive energies, was destined to a temporary fall. The owner of the small patch wherein it grew, determined to erect a house upon the vacant spot; and when bricks and mortar were first introduced, there arose a controversy about displacing the vine; yet as there was no place to put it, and its beauty was so complete, and it seemed to quiver, its great leaves all dripping with the late shower, and every drop sparkled in the sunlight, a pitying glance came over the master-workman, and he planned that by digging deep around it, and changing its locality a few feet, and quietly disengaging it from the protective supports it had sought, it might be preserved. Well, it was not a human thing, and so it did not weep because it was changed, nor complain because its bed was dark and hidden by the huge mass that overshadowed it; but, after it had gathered afresh its energies, it set itself to work with renewed speed, and although it looked a little sickly in its first efforts, and kept a little pale awhile, yet it never forgot its mission, which was *to climb over obstacles*. It was a long while before it caught a stray sunbeam; but it made the most

of a little encouragement, and up higher and higher it began to tower, and there always seemed to be a voice in the vine which said, "I have conquered difficulties. If my root is in a low, damp, cheerless soil, my branches shall rejoice in the sunlight, and the warmth of the upper air shall send its sustaining influences beneath; and, when men shall pluck my purple clusters, they will forget the lowly origin whence I sprang."

Strangely enough, a similitude to the vine came to dwell upon the very spot where it first grew. In early life he was a sickly young man, in a country home; and one day, while yet a boy, his father suggested to him the propriety of planting a forest of acorns. "I shall not have a heavy pittance to leave thee, my child," quoth the father; "but a thick forest of trees may yield thee an ample reward for thy present labor, when my head is laid in the tomb." The boy obeyed his father's commands, but went to work with no buoyant hopes, planting for posterity. Yet, under the genial influences of rain and sunshine, the acorns became firmly rooted, and little twigs most ambitiously showed their thousand heads. The labors of a farm were, however, too heavy for the young man to perform: so, while the acorns were becoming oaks, he began to feel that he too could expand; and in the great metropolis he sought a home, where he was soon regarded with enviable distinction. But he climbed so fast, and built upon a slender capital such a heavy superstructure, that he fell, and for a moment seemed crushed in oblivion. He reminded us of the vine when the rubbish lay about it. It was, however, but a transient suspension of his energies; for he soon gathered up his remaining resources, and the first straggling sunbeam was not lost upon him.

A millionaire sought to purchase the young forest as an investment to leave a little brood of orphan children. With this money the young man was enabled to recommence his labors, so that the slight struggle with adversity only gave him an experience which would greatly benefit him in his recovered prosperity. He now came to occupy the very house that was built upon the former place where the vine was first rooted. From a back window, he often surveys the rambling vine, which seems to seek a more intimate companionship as it twists itself into some supporting arm, and throws out a ravelled leaf, and then a few sweet blossoms, which is a promise only of a rich cluster in early autumn.

And does not that human life derive an impetus to soar above all that would clog and fetter it in its progress, as it contemplates the vine? Is it not a fit dwelling for such an occupant, who makes of the humblest monitor a friend and aid to ambitious enterprises?

And those orphaned children, whose legacy was those little twigs which kept rising higher and higher, and throwing out puny branches, which were strengthened by storms and sunshine until they came to be majestic oaks, were so enriched by the sale of their forest, that, when they arrived at maturity, each could receive his pittance; and, with hearts towering with ambitious aims, *the oaks* were the capital upon which they purchased the implements of their trades, by which they have now amassed most comfortable fortunes.

H. S. E.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR WALK TO OLDTOWN.

O'ER that Sunday breathed serenely

Still October's quiet grace,

Filling with a calmness queenly

Waning Summer's radiant place,

Inly beaming,

Softly gleaming,

As through human eyes might shine

Spirit-rays of life divine.

Heaven with love seemed overflowing,

Clouds went dreaming o'er the blue,

Boughs 'neath restless curvings glowing,

Let warm glimpses through;

Down the branches,

Strikes and glances,

Silvering all their dark to bright,

Peaceful sheen of fairest light.

Lingering leaves shone fair and golden,

Flashed their crimson in the sun,

Richly into brown were holden,

Softly into dun,

Only rarely,
 Falling sparsely,
 Slowly fluttering to the ground,
 Spread a rich mosaic round.

In my heart reigned stillest gladness ;
 Life o'erfilled me, not decay ;
 Withering leaves might speak of sadness,
 Forms might pass away ;
 Yet a glowing
 Life o'erflowing,
 Radiant through October's calm,
 Disavowed the hint of harm.

Thus I wandered where serenely,
 With a dreamlike beauty on,
 Waved the willows pale and greenly
 Gleaming softly in the sun,
 Calm and saintly,
 Golden faintly,
 With the rarest autumn dye,
 Bending o'er the church-yard nigh.

Sabbath bells, with solemn ringing,
 Sounded through the peaceful day ;
 Entered I with inner singing,
 Where the people met to pray ;
 There I placed me,
 Where o'ergraced me,
 Through the windows gleaming rare
 Those same willows saintly fair ;

Heeded not the organ's sounding,
 Hymn or psalm of chanting choir,
 Heeded not the priest's expounding ;
 For those willows touched me higher,
 In their dreaming,
 Truly seeming
 Boundless love informed to sight,
 Veiled with soft celestial light.

LEAVES FROM THE PARSONAGE.

THE REVIVAL.

No one who has not been connected with a small and fluctuating religious society in the country, where the chief expense of supporting the clergyman and meeting the other various demands of a parish comes upon a few, can realize the anxiety with which every change in the people is watched; what interest is taken in new-comers to the town to ascertain if they belong to the peculiar "*ism*" which will secure them as hearers; the care had to welcome them speedily to the "household of faith," lest others, equally anxious for added numbers, should be beforehand in proffers of religious hospitality! With what jealous attention are all other denominations watched! How warmly are all backsliders from their churches welcomed; while should one be so luckless as to leave the *true* faith, and desert to those who, instead of being regarded as brethren united in all the great points of belief, separated only by differences of speculative opinion, are looked upon as hostile rivals whom it is fair game to harass and traduce, — such must expect their good to be evil spoken against, and to find themselves shunned by their former co-believers. Oh! when will this evil spirit of *sect* be exorcised? When will all meet on the broad ground of love to the Father, faith in the Son, and united effort for humanity? Then will each denomination rejoice in the gain, when any individual soul becomes Christian, without regard to the peculiar garb of dogma with which it clothes itself.

Many such thoughts were called up by some circumstances which occurred two or three years ago in the pretty village of B. Many had been the changes which had passed over that little society. Bitter and violent had been the struggle which had resulted in the separation of the liberal portion of the inhabitants from the more exclusive. The conflict which agitated the length and breadth of our New England States had but just begun when this separation took place. After a little time, peace and prosperity came to this portion of the church of the Lord. An earnest and true man, logical and brilliant withal, occupied the

pulpit; and under his ministrations the little society gained in strength. A good soldier of the cross, and an earnest believer, he carried the warfare to the very doors of his antagonists, and won from them many a valuable hearer. But his health failed; clouds, at first no larger than a man's hand, soon spread over the whole horizon; and, with a violent convulsion which shook the church to its very centre, another separation, more painful than the first, took place; for this ruptured affections which had struck their roots strong and deep, shook the faith of even the most hopeful, and threatened entire dissolution to the religious body which had been so carefully nurtured. The spirit of discord seemed to have obtained the mastery, and it was feared the peace of Christ would never again rest upon the fold.

But at last a ministering angel, clothed in human form, came to them, and by holy words and still more pious life, and the exercise of the highest Christian charity, healed the wounds and united all hearts. But he was not left long to them. The Psalmist says, "He giveth his beloved sleep;" and this one received the blessing of that sleep whose awaking was in paradise. But he left his spirit with his flock, and they were soon united on one to stand in his place, and minister to them in sacred things.

For a time all went on prosperously in the new relation. New families came to the church, and all seemed healthful and harmonious; till all at once rumors came that it was a current report that the society was about being broken up by the great Methodist revival, which was awakening its members to a sense of their want of true religion. This report arose without the fold; but soon came dropping into the parsonage the anxious Marthas, — the spiritual mothers of the society, who watched over its interests with all a mother's devotion, — and the sustaining fathers, who had carried it through so many struggles, and who had learned to look with dread upon every change. "Why, sir, do you know you are losing all your flock? Is it not time for you to be doing something?" said one frank, outspoken man.

"I do not believe we are in the danger you would imply," replied the minister; "and if we are, I know not what I can do to keep our little band together, if they are not sufficiently attached to our views to remain in our communion. Or if they feel they shall be better men and better women under different influences, why, they must try them; and though I should regret

to lose them, yet, if they go from conscientious scruples, I must wish them God speed."

"I must say, sir, I do not think such apathy is well-timed. This great revivalist—this Brother Rousem, as they call him—is preaching night and day at us. Our people go in from curiosity; are first amused, then interested, and finally drawn in. Mr. Minter and his wife are already propounded for admission to their church; Mr. Fleck goes day and night, and will doubtless join them; and good Mr. Scutney and his wife are in great distress because Jeannie has become perfectly infatuated with them, and they are striving to draw her in to be baptized. I heard Mr. Scutney say he wished you would talk with her; perhaps you might keep her from being led away by the great excitement she is under; she neither eats nor sleeps."

"I certainly will see her," replied the minister, "and try at least to persuade her to give time and thought to this; not to be hurried into such a change by a rash excitement and play upon her feelings, which may produce an injurious effect upon her whole future life. I know, a short time since, her doctrinal views were essentially different from the Methodists', and I think she can hardly be aware what she is subscribing to in joining them. But my dear friend," said the clergyman, laying his hand gently upon that of his counsellor, "you must understand my position. I cannot interfere between the individual soul and its God. I love my own simple faith, and think it embodies more of truth than any other form of belief; but it may not be so to all minds. Indeed, I know there are those so constituted as to require more excitement, more stimulus; and, if they find themselves more deeply quickened and spiritualized by other doctrinal views, I cannot blame them for seeking what they find awakens the most spiritual life."

"But, sir, I think you should at least converse with them, and strive to retain them in your fold. Just remember what an injury it would be to our society to lose so many persons. Our enemies may well say ours is not a living faith. And besides, who is to support the expenses of the society? It comes hard enough upon us now, with our limited numbers."

The pastor waived a farther discussion of the subject, but that afternoon sought an interview with his wavering parishioners. He called first at Mr. Scutney's. Jeannie was not at home;

she was at one of the afternoon meetings; and her mother spoke with tears in her eyes of the change which her great excitement had wrought in her. Her whole character seemed to be altered. From a loving, dutiful child, she had become defiant and intractable. She cared not for home or home affections,—was entirely absorbed in the various meetings, which were kept up through the day, and often far into the night. She cared not for old friends, and sought only those new associates she found at the church. Her parents feared, and with some justice, that, if she continued under her present influences, she would be entirely alienated from them; and she entreated the minister to use his influence to restrain her wandering child. She seemed to feel as if his word would have the power of the priests and prophets of the elder time; and that he had only to speak, and the erring soul would be reclaimed, and come once more to rest within the fold of the mother church that had nurtured her so long.

Whilst they were thus conversing, Jeannie came in, her face flushed with excitement. But her countenance changed when she met the calm, inquiring glance of her pastor. He spoke kindly words on common topics at first, till her self-possession returned, and then gradually led the subject on to her present religious experiences. At first she shrank from it; but finding he sought to converse with her as a friend only, and not with authority, she unbosomed herself to him.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "it seems to me I have now found what I have long been yearning for. I am quickened; I feel a vital religious warmth animating my whole heart and mind; I realize a living love for my God and my Saviour; life is irradiated with a new light. I have always felt the need of such a quickening as this. Our sabbath services have been all I desired them; but, during the long week, I have needed spiritual nourishment. A glow is given me now which will produce a healthful, spiritual faith. This social worship in which I have been engaged the last few weeks has opened a new life to my soul."

"You must remember, Jeannie, that the true Christian life is a growth. It does not spring forth the perfect tree, with bud, bloom, and fruit upon it; but there must be first 'the blade, then the ear, and after, the full corn in the ear.' What you feel now is but the blade. It must be nurtured with care, watered with the tears of penitence, nourished by the prayer of aspiration, and

warmed by the sun of trusting faith. Day by day, week by week, must this process go on. And do you not think there is danger that the great excitement of feeling you describe may make a hothouse plant of your piety, which will look healthful and vigorous — put forth its green shoots and fragrant flowers — while kept in a heated and unnatural atmosphere, and sheltered from the rough winds without; but that when transplanted into the garden of the world, where the chilling blasts of adversity and the still more trying heats of the sun of prosperity come upon it, its roots will not be struck deep enough to give it strength and endurance? I do not say this, Jeannie, to dissuade you from joining the communion of the Methodists, if you feel it is better for the growth of your spiritual life; but I do want you not to take the step too rashly. You should not attach yourself to any sect without understanding your own position and theirs. It is a great change for you, and you must remember that your intellectual convictions must not be violated. You will have, in joining them, to subscribe to a creed differing widely from the views you have heretofore held; and are you quite prepared for that? Consider all these things duly; and then, if you prefer to leave us, I will pray God to bless you and make the change conduce to your spiritual growth."

With these words of kindly counsel, the pastor left her, and proceeded to Mr. Minter's. Here he found dissensions had also entered. Mrs. Minter, who had a calm temperament, was very much grieved to find her husband drawn out and awakened by the revival. She said she wished him to be a Christian, but she did not like this form of Christianity. She complained that men were about him constantly trying to influence him; he had gone in first to the meetings from curiosity, but this had deepened into interest. He had followed it up till he had gone on to the anxious seats, and now he was propounded for admission. She had endeavored to dissuade him from this, but in vain. She had lost all her influence. Her only hope now was he would be unwilling to sign a creed she was sure he did not believe. She said he was hurried on by the interest of the meetings, by the fearful excitement in the manner of the preacher, and his earnest adjurations to them to come now and take upon them the name of Christ. The pictures which he drew of the hell which awaited all who refused to listen to the words of Christ — pictures which, from

their deep gloom and exaggerated coloring, were calculated to take hold of all persons of excitable temperament — made a great impression upon such a mind as Mr. Minter's.

The pastor listened with friendly interest, and endeavored to place before the anxious and troubled wife the advantages which might be derived from such a spiritual awakening. It was so much better to be too much excited in religious matters than to be lukewarm and indifferent. And thus he passed from one to another, striving to speak words of spiritual comfort and exhortation, calm himself, and untroubled, because he left all with Him who knoweth what is best, and will bring all things to work together for good. He knew that, if these members were lost to his branch of the church, there would be many to charge it to a want of power on his part; but he had taken the cross of Christ, and was willing to follow in his steps, and bear reproach or contumely if need be.

Thus week passed on after week, the excitement of the revival abating not one jot. When one preacher failed from his exertions, another stepped in to take his place, and the church was thronged by day and night. Occasionally the pastor visited those of his flock who were under excitement; he talked calmly and rationally to them; but left all in the hands of God.

It was the only topic discussed among the people; and when Sunday came, and the vacant seats spoke loudly of those who were wanderers, if not deserters, a gloom seemed to rest upon the whole flock. The third Saturday after the commencement of the excitement came, and while at dinner the minister received a request to go down as soon as convenient to Mr. Minter's.

As he entered the house, Mrs. Minter met him, the tears filling her eyes, though a glad smile of joy illumined her face. "Oh, I am so happy!" she said, as she grasped her pastor warmly by the hand, "Mr. Minter has awakened to a sense of his mistake. When he was proposed for admission to the church, he was told his creed would make no difference, it would not be looked into too strictly; but night before last he heard a sermon that shocked all his previous ideas. A creed was held up as the only true one, which he could not subscribe to. For twenty-four hours he suffered great anxiety and torture of mind; but he has prayed earnestly and fervently, and his prayers seem to have been an-

swered; for peace has come to him, and a calm settled faith is dawning upon him. He wishes much to converse with you."

Mr. Minter soon came in, and a long and earnest conversation ensued. The preacher urged upon him the necessity of retaining the spiritual vitality which had come to him from this deep religious experience. He told him he should really regret to welcome him back to his own faith, if he thought he would thereby lose any of the quickening influence he had received. He prayed with him earnestly, fervently, till the very depths of his being were stirred, and left him with a feeling that God's blessing had indeed descended upon his heart.

The next day was the sabbath, and a holy peace pervaded the quiet village. No breeze stirred the leaves of the graceful locusts, which entirely surrounded the church. Not a cloud flitted over the deep blue of the sky; the mountains seemed to lift their purple heads higher up towards heaven; fitting day for the consecration which took place; for, though not the communion sabbath, Mr. and Mrs. Minter wished to show their feelings of deep gratitude and religious trust, by a public profession of their faith, and of their desire to unite themselves with the church from which they had been so lately divided. And it was indeed touching and interesting to see them reverently standing before the altar, receiving, through the lips of his servant, the blessing of the Father, and the welcome into the church of Christ.

It was not long before Mr. Scutney's family were made happy by the voluntary return of Jeannie to her first faith, and there was many a happy heart when she resumed her place as sabbath-school teacher. Doubly pleasant was it to the pastor; for she brought with her added zeal, and aided in quickening other minds, so that the revival, which had been so much dreaded, was found to have brought with it the seeds of true life to many a heart.

T. D. F. B.

JESUS THE MODEL TEMPLE FOR BELIEVERS.

"SEE that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the Mount," was the divine direction to Moses in reference to the Tabernacle about to be erected among the children of Israel for the worship of Jehovah. There had been communicated to him an idea, such as an architect has of an edifice, which he plans and delineates before construction.

The Christian believer also has a temple to build. And he needs, in the first place, a pattern, a model temple, according to which he may construct his own. There are edifices which were built centuries ago, and yet the beholder never ceases to be impressed with their beauty and grandeur. They are the world's ornaments.

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone."

They are in accordance with Nature, and after her grandest hints; and therefore she

"gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

The purer and more cultivated the taste, the more the beholder sees in them; and the degree of refinement in any age may be measured by the reproduction of the harmony and beauty of those ancient structures, and even of the fragments of them. No architect can dispense with them, who wishes to erect an enduring work, and one which shall please as long as it shall endure. In building up the temple of the soul, the Christian needs a model, which, if he follows it, shall ever afford him gratification. He wants an edifice in respect to which he shall desire no undoing of his work here on earth, and the lapse of time shall bring no wish for change when it shall be too late. He is building for eternity, not for time.

Where is such a model to be found? We have it in Jesus Christ, in his teachings, in his life, and in his death. The pat-

tern is shown us on the Mount. Here, better than an architect in Greece, or Italy, or Saracenic land, with better aids to reach the ideal of true excellence, may we study how to build up for ourselves a holy temple. However men differ on the doctrines of Christianity, there is only one opinion respecting the character of Jesus Christ, — that it was perfect. In him we see divine holiness brightly shining in humanity; a pure, tranquil, godlike mind dwelling in an earthly tabernacle like our own; "a mind adorned with the most amiable virtues, faith, patience, temperance, godliness; full of all righteousness, goodness, meekness, mercifulness, sincerity, humility; unmoved by the blandishments of sense, full of pity towards a sinful world, compassionate to its calamities, unprovoked by its sharpest injuries; bent upon doing the greatest good, and prepared for the suffering of whatsoever evil."* Here we see a life never disagreeing with itself, never out of harmony. "If only precepts and instructions had been given to men, how to prepare and adorn in themselves a temple for the living God, though it would have been a great favor, yet it would have fallen short of our necessities. Now we are told not only of what the temple is to consist, but we may behold a model one erected, we may view it in every part, we may behold the glory of the whole,"* and know for a certainty that such a model is divine, and will endure for ever. We see as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and are changed into the same image. We catch his divine serenity, we are kindled by his zeal, we reach forth to the ideal he presents, we enter at last into the joy of our Lord.

Have we begun to erect this temple? Have we its idea and plan in our minds? Is the model Christ Jesus before us?

N. S. F.

* John Howe.

LITTLE HATTIE.

UNDERNEATH the solemn pine-trees,
 On the forest-floor,
 Green leaves pressing through the brown ones,
 White buds gleaming pure,
 Little Hattie sits there singing,
 While the pines sing o'er.

Dear as any ray of sunshine
 That might nestle there,
 Sits she lightly 'mid the blossoms,
 Child-like, sweet, and fair,
 While faint breezes stir and flutter
 Through her golden hair.

Soft and earnest are her gazes,
 Through long lashes brown ;
 Large eyes, lambent in their beaming,
 Seem they, looking down :
 Oh ! near *her* are woodland treasures,
 Beggar's staff to crown.

Idly playing with fair flowers,
 Humming soft notes low,
 Unawares she suits her chanting
 To the anthem slow,
 That the mighty pines keep sounding
 To her, there below.

Oh ! within the green-wood sitting,
 Little Hattie fair and pure,
 Singing in unconscious dreaming,
 On the forest-floor ;
 You surmise not of the pathway
 You are travelling sure.

Fulllest joy serene, of childhood,
 You must change for one
 'That, through brave and holy action,
 Must be sought and won ;
 This the type of joy still nobler,
 After work is done.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

WHAT a wonder-worker is Time! How it changes, and purifies, and consecrates! What a pitiless judge, and yet how just in its judgments! How powerful is Time! How it builds up, and tears down; how it crumbles cities, and creates them; how it changes the seat of empire, the ocean's bed, the river's channel; how it wastes the living rock, and petrifies the forest-tree into the hard granite; how it smooths the wrinkles upon the face of Old Earth, and rounds into graceful curves the mountain's brow, and gives form and symmetry to the hills!

Then, too, how it consecrates and ennobles the work of man! What a halo of light it can hang round a thing! It gives a beauty and a glory to the artist's painting, to the Transfiguration of Raphael, and the sublime imaginings of Angels painted upon the dome of St. Peter's; while it sheds a mellow light and a divine softness upon the sublimer pencillings of the Great Painter, sketched upon the fair face of the earth and sky. How it gives significance and value to the rough-hewn stones of Nineveh, dug out by Saxon skill from dusty Chaldaic tumuli! What an interest it lends to the Pyramids and the Sphinx! How it spiritualizes Parthenon's frescoes, and the Coliseum's arches; how it divests things of the material and earthly, and points to the spiritual and divine in them!

Time is the Great Consecrator. How it consecrates Homer and Homer's Iliad, the Psalmist's praises, the sayings of the Pentateuch, and the historian of the world's cosmogony, beginning his history with the announcement, sublime in its simplicity, — "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"! How it gives life to the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, and writes an irrevocable anathema against what is false, and so devotes it to destruction!

The word that we speak, how much holier it is because men have spoken it for unnumbered ages before us! What a significance has the word we utter in the streets of our city in the Nineteenth Century, because it was uttered centuries before Christ's coming, in the German or Asiatic land!

Then, too, what a sublime meaning and melody have the old

World-songs for us! How they dwell in our hearts, because they dwelt upon the lips of nations centuries ago! The hymns we delight most to sing, — are they the hymns of to-day? or are they the hymns which our fathers sung in the old time? How Time consecrates Luther's hymn, — "Be thou, O God, exalted high," and those psalms breathing the spirit of living hearts consecrated to Christ, which our Puritan ancestors sung at Marston Moor, at Naseby, and at Worcester, or in "the dim woods" of the New England land; in many an hour of trial and temptation; in the presence of marshalled hosts and crowned kings; and when the death-bearing arrow of the Indian hurtled through the air, and the sound of chanted psalms mingled with the Indian war-cry!

The grand old anthems of the church, — its "Te Deums" and its "Misereres," its pæans of victory and its wailings of defeat, — how much holier and sublimer are they for us, because they were sung in cloistered halls, under cathedral domes, by loving, trusting men, in the centuries when the church was one! Is not Time the Great Consecrator?

Then, too, the Lord's Prayer — Did you ever think much about that prayer, my friend? — that prayer "which the Divine Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men"? Did you ever think how that prayer has lived on? Solomon's temple, and the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, have crumbled to dust since that prayer was uttered; the cities of antiquity — Rome, Athens, Palmyra, Jerusalem, and the like — have been wholly changed since; and still that prayer lives on. Only the Pyramids and the eternal hills have lived so long. It has a wonderful life in it.

Then, too, did you ever think how many hearts have prayed that prayer, how many knees have been bent in utterance of the same? Did you ever think who have prayed "Our Father"? Did you ever stand in thought by the side of Jesus, and look into the faces of the company about him, — Peter the impulsive, John the loving, Judas the betrayer, — when the Christ, looking up into the heavens, first prayed "Our Father"? Don't you think that the disciples in after-years, when the Great Teacher had left them, and in his stead were stripes and suffering and death, — prayed that prayer? Did you ever think that it might have been

uttered by pious lips at Calvary, amid the terrors of the Crucifixion, or at the Sepulchre, amid the mysteries of the Resurrection, or at the Last Supper?

Stephen the protomartyr, amid the agonies of his stone-baptism, might have prayed it. Paul, fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus; the Christian virgins whom Roman prætors threw to the lions, with the gay company of Roman knights and vestals as onlookers, — might have knelt upon the arena's sands, and prayed "Our Father."

Amid the fierce fires of Roman persecutions, the brave souls whom the Cæsars bound to burning stakes to light up imperial gardens with their martyrdom, might have looked up into the heavens, and, as the Great Martyr, prayed "Our Father."

The sainted fathers of Christendom, — Augustine the self-sacrificing, Jerome "the invincible," Cyril the wary, Tertullian the impetuous, — the great-souled men and women of the primitive church, might have prayed that prayer.

Then, too, when the face of affairs had changed; when the Goth, and the Vandal, and the Hun ruled instead of the Cæsars, how that prayer dwelt in the hearts and on the lips of the nations of the North, — and from lowly hearts in German forests, on the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Danube, from Scandinavian valleys, and from the islands of the Atlantic, went up that prayer, which had been prayed long before for the world by its Redeemer! And so, in the ages that were dark, — from all churches, and convents, and cathedrals, that prayer went up to heaven. The monk in his cloistered cell, as he bent with painful labor over the book he was transcribing for the glory of God and his church, prayed that prayer. It was prayed at midnight hours in grand cathedrals, when the voice of the organ and the singers had died away among the arches high up above them; on triumphal days, and on days dark with defeat and sorrow; from trusting hearts in the ages that are so silent now went up the prayer "Our Father," — prayed by prince, and priest, and people, by all earnest souls in Christendom.

So, too, our fathers prayed that prayer, — the Puritans of New England; in every hour of trial or of triumph; when their hearts were gladdest, and when they were heaviest with sorrow; in the cottage and in the church; prayed it when they remembered the great Jehovah.

And thus, through almost nineteen centuries, has that prayer been prayed by earnest souls to the Father of spirits. Great men have prayed it; holy men have prayed it; the pure, and the noble, and the blessed have uttered it. The hearts of uncounted millions have been elevated and purified, as they uttered that sublime request; and it comes re-echoed down to us through the ages by the voices of apostles, and martyrs, and saints; ringing out to us from all palaces, and cathedrals, and monastic cells.

And so Time has consecrated this prayer.

Love, too, has consecrated this prayer. How many dear to us have uttered it!

Were there no hands laid upon your youthful head, when, years ago, you uttered that prayer, kneeling by your bedside; hands that have grown cold since? Did no mother's voice utter that prayer for you, — that voice that has become silent now? Did not her sainted form bend over you, as you knelt down, and lisped "Our Father"? And even now, "in your best moments, and at your hours of trial and grief, and at your times of success and well-doing, — does not that mother's face look down upon you and bless you, with its gaze of pity and purity, as you saw it that night when she yet lingered with you, and when she seemed an angel transfigured and glorified with love," — when you, too, knelt in prayer to the loving Father of us all?

Is there any prayer so holy, so sacred, so consecrated to us by love, as this prayer, "Our Father"?

"It is one of the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us."

K.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

IN a large room, lighted only by one window, and this partly shaded by a silken drapery of green, there sat one day an artist, sketching upon his canvas the delicate figure of a beautiful boy at prayer. He had long wished to have in his studio a representation of youth and innocence, and was now happy in the work of copying from life the lovely face of so young a suppliant, in all the simplicity and purity of childhood. The little palms were raised and pressed reverently together, — the eyes were dark and thoughtful, and upturned, — while over the bare shoulders floated wreaths of golden hair, in the clear light which fell upon it. Hours were spent upon this picture, to make it as perfect as taste and genius could; and, with a beaming face and satisfied spirit, the painter turned from it to bestow his blessing upon the young immortal from whom he was then to separate.

Time passed on. The artist became an old man. His life-work here was nearly completed; but there was still another portrait he felt he must take, to form a striking *contrast* to the one painted in earlier days. Where could he find one so marred by sin as to form a true and striking representation of guilt, combined with old age? He felt that such a picture might be, perhaps, a warning to the young man who had but just begun to walk in forbidden paths, should his eye rest on such an image of misery and despair.

At last he entered a dungeon, where, upon the cold floor, writhed in anguish of soul a condemned culprit of sixty years. Poor, distressed, sinful being! Were those bony, trembling hands once clasped in earnest prayer? Did those restless, hollow eyes once beam in love and gentleness upon loving and loved friends? Was the now husky, blaspheming voice ever heard beside a *mother's* dying bed, beseeching for comfort and strength in the hour of sorrow? It is even so; and he who now shrinks from the gaze of the artist once kneeled at his side with a peaceful brow and a guileless heart, to represent the picture so long the aged painter's delight.

Let this tale, short but true, be remembered. Tell it, young mother, to your first-born, when he lisps his evening prayer, and says, "Our Father." Bid him never turn aside from the *one* path of duty leading to peace, and to pray evermore not to be led into temptation. Sister, speak the word in season to your brother: warn him of the final issue of the irreligious, and point him to "the path which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

* * *

A PETITION.

WHERE'ER we are, whate'er we do,
 Lord, let a vital sense
 Of what is good and pure and true
 Through us its peace dispense.

At home, abroad, on land or sea,
 With friends or those unknown,
 O place our hopes, good Lord, on thee,
 With thee make us at home!

To thee, our God, our thoughts would tend;
 By thee, through thee, we rest;
 O may our thoughts to thee ascend,
 Thou Purest, Wisest, Best!

O fill our minds with sacred truth,
 O animate the heart;
 Help us, like Mary, in our youth
 To "choose the better part."

Thy Spirit's gifts in fulness grant;
 Hallow to us each day:
 This is our wish, and this our want,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

C. D. B.

FALSE VIEWS OF CHARACTER.

Mrs. JONES, taking her knitting, has gone in to spend a social afternoon with Mrs. Rice. Mrs. Jones is one of that class, of which we occasionally see a specimen, who seem to invert the instruction of our Saviour, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and feel it incumbent on themselves to reveal the hidden motives by which all around are actuated. Not that she was particularly desirous of being judged in return. Oh, no! she was quite disinterested in this respect: when any remarks came to her ears reflecting upon her *own* conduct, she was wont to express herself quite spiritedly on the propriety of every one's "minding their own business." She certainly gave evidence of a very active and inquiring mind, and an ardent desire to impart information. She also manifested a strong tendency to reason from cause to effect, and effect to cause; but seemed to feel in duty bound to put the worst possible construction upon the conduct of others, owing probably to a deep conviction of the depravity of human nature.

But, leaving farther description, we will follow her, and allow the reader to make her acquaintance. She has already told that Mrs. Upham started on a journey this morning, how far she is going, how long to be gone, how many times she has been within the last year, &c., followed by many pertinent remarks on the expense of travelling, Mr. Upham's probable income, and, going through with a sort of running calculation, has shown that in the balance of debt and credit, at the end of the year, the former must preponderate; has given a detailed account of troubles in Mr. Wentworth's family, and the opinion of the neighborhood that they will soon break up housekeeping, and Mrs. Wentworth return to her father's; and discussed freely various other matters equally interesting and important.

At length, Mrs. Rice, quite tired of this strain, not wishing to know more of her neighbors' affairs than they *themselves* do, seeks to change the tone of conversation by remarking, "Mrs. Freeman's youngest child is quite sick: I stepped in there a few minutes this afternoon. They seem in rather a destitute condition, too. I don't know what they would have done, had it not been

for Mrs. Phillips: she is very kind, has been in every day since he was taken, ready to give them any assistance or advice in her power, and has also carried in various things which have added greatly to the comfort of the little sufferer. I really do not know what we should do without Mrs. Phillips: she is a blessing to the neighborhood; — always so ready to assist in case of sickness; so capable, also, — so calm and self-possessed under all circumstances."

"Yes, I think she *is* ready to assist her *neighbors*; but I like to see folks ready to do their duties at home, too. 'Charity begins at home,' I say. I suppose I might get up a name for being *very* kind, *very* charitable, and all that, if I would leave my husband and children to take care of themselves, and spend my time in running round among my neighbors to find out who's sick, and then make a great parade of helping them."

"You would not insinuate that Mrs. Phillips neglects her family?"

"O no! I would not *insinuate any thing*, but I will tell you just what I *know*; only I don't want you to tell any one I told you. I don't want people to say I trouble myself about my neighbors' affairs; for I'm sure I don't; but one can't help seeing what goes on before her eyes, and one can't help thinking about it either, at least I can't. Well, I happened to have an errand at Mrs. Phillips's the other day, — let's see, — it was Tuesday; and you know I live so near, I always go right in at the back door without knocking. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon: there was no one in the room; but the table was standing in the floor, as if the dinner-things were just cleared away. Hearing the children's voices in the wood-house, I opened the door and inquired for their mother. They said she had gone to Mrs. Freeman's: Jimmy was sick. I asked how long she had been gone. 'Oh! a good while,' said the little girl: 'she went right after dinner.' Pretty well, thought I, to go off to help her neighbors, and leave her own work, in this way. I thought I would just look about a little. There were the pots and kettles standing in the corner, and the sink piled full of dishes not washed, the floor not swept, and every thing in confusion. I went home, thinking I was glad I wasn't one of the *charitable* sort of people, if this is the way they have to do, — neglect their own families to take care of their neighbors. I always did

hate to hear people making such a fuss about Mrs. Phillips. I didn't believe she was so much better than other folks."

"Probably there was some urgent reason for her going in just at that time. The child was taken very suddenly and violently; and most likely they sent for her in haste, before she had finished her work after dinner."

"No, I asked the children, and they did not know any thing about it, and they would have known if any one had come for her. And besides I know she is always running about, here and there; and *no* one can take care of other people's affairs and their own too. I don't go in there *very* often, to be sure. I don't like to talk with Mrs. Phillips very well: she has such a way of trying to smooth things over, I haven't any patience with her: if I happen to speak of any thing another has said or done, she never seems to think it half as bad as it is, but is always making some excuse for it that there's no sense in. I never could bear those people who are so *dreadfully charitable* in their opinions that they can't tell right from wrong."

"I know there are people, who, having much natural amiability, and a temper too easy to take the trouble of discriminating, do really confound moral distinctions; but I never thought Mrs. Phillips one of this class. On the contrary, I take her to be a woman of very candid and discriminating mind, who yet, from pure kindness of heart, is always disposed to put the most favorable construction upon the conduct of others which the circumstances will allow, ever, where a doubt exists, inclining to the side of charity, as of course one ought: we might learn as much as this from our courts of justice, where the accused is always allowed the benefit of such doubts as may arise. Mrs. Phillips seems to me one who discharges *all* her duties, both at home and abroad, with a directness and straightforwardness worthy of imitation. I never saw any evidence of neglect of her family."

"No, very likely not. Had you gone the day I did, and rung at the front door, you would have been shown into the parlor, where every thing was, no doubt, in complete order: this she would take care should be so, for fear of exposure. But she did not expect any one to run in, like me, and take a peep behind the scene. I think she must have felt a little mortified when Emma told her I had been there."

"She is certainly very attentive to strangers: she was the first

who called upon me, and I shall always feel kindly towards her on that account. I had already begun to feel lonely, in a new place, at home by myself most of the day, and, when I went out, seeing only strange faces, meeting no one with whom I could exchange a friendly smile, or bow of recognition."

"Yes, there is another thing I have often noticed: when strangers move into town, they seldom have more than time to get their carpets on their floors, before the bell rings, and in walks Mrs. Phillips, with such a *very* friendly air and manner; and in this way she always worms herself into favor with every new-comer. For *my* part, I should think I was intruding to call so soon; and besides I always find enough to do at home, without running after every new face I see. But she *does* think so much of getting into favor, I never saw anybody take so much pains to please people."

"I think she must act from a higher motive, as I have known several instances where it has seemed necessary that some person should be talked to very plainly, and where there would of course be danger of giving offence, and, when every one else shrunk from the duty, Mrs. Phillips has been willing to take it upon herself."

"I know she is very willing to do those things: she has so much confidence, she thinks she can do it better than any one else, and likes to show that she can."

"I like to see persons with a proper appreciation of their own powers: many lose half their usefulness for want of it. And certainly her confidence is well founded; for she seldom, if ever, offends."

"I know she has such a *soft* way that she *can* say most any thing without *offending*; but I don't think it does more than half as much good as though she came right out plain with it. But I must say, now we are talking about it, that Mrs. Phillips has the most vanity of any person I ever saw. I don't mean in her dress (though I have thought she dressed so plain just to have people think she was above caring about it), but she *does* take so much pains to make herself conspicuous. Didn't you ever notice, in company, how she will cross the room, from corner to corner, perhaps, and thus attract everybody's attention, to speak to some poor, forlorn-looking object?"

"Yes, I have often noticed a person sitting silent and 'alone,'

looking upon those around, busily engaged in conversation, as though she would gladly take a part, but restrained perhaps by diffidence. And I have seen, as Mrs. Phillips approached and commenced conversation, the smile of pleasure and animation light up the countenance; and have almost envied her the faculty of thus making herself agreeable to every one, and conferring so much pleasure; and also the disinterestedness which could enable her to break away from a pleasant group of friends, to go and entertain an uninteresting, and, as you say, forlorn-looking, object in the corner."

"Well, all people have their own notions of things, I suppose: I know I have mine. But I cannot think 'all gold that glitters.' I don't know but I see farther into things than many people: sometimes I think I *do*."

Mrs. Rice did not envy her her penetration. She thought there were cases, where, "ignorance being bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." She was only too glad the conversation had come to an end, nor was she sorry when her guest soon after took her departure. Yet it was long before she recovered her usual serenity of mind: she felt an oppressive weight upon her spirits. Her faith in human nature was shaken: she had seen a manifestation of some of the darker workings of the heart, which must ever have a depressing influence upon the sensitive and generous. She thought if Mrs. Jones was aware of the blighting effects of such conversation, and also of the impression made with regard to herself, she would try to find some more edifying topic. She was pained that any one should be willing to think thus harshly of another; especially as she knew that Mrs. Jones did not stand alone, but was the exponent of a class who held the same opinions with greater or less severity, as she had often before heard similar slight hints or casual remarks about Mrs. Phillips. They had, however, never had the slightest effect, except to impress upon her mind the impossibility of escaping misconstruction even for our most disinterested acts. From her first acquaintance with Mrs. Phillips, she had felt a deep respect for her, as a noble-minded, generous woman, and had this afternoon defended her in all sincerity against the attacks of Mrs. Jones, nor had at the time thought herself in the slightest degree influenced by her remarks. Yet doubt was now insensibly throwing its dark shadow over her mind: she began to question whether vanity *could*

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thus deceive under the guise of disinterestedness, and to criticize each word and act of Mrs. Phillips since she had known her, to see how much might be attributed to this motive; till she felt the chilling influence of suspicion creeping over her, and her confidence in disinterested benevolence beginning to waver, when suddenly she broke from the spell that bound her, exclaiming, "I will not: I would rather be the dupe of deception all my life than yield to the paralyzing influence of suspicion." She rose, and, walking to the window, looked out upon the still night. The moon was shining in serene majesty upon the silent landscape: the scene seemed to shed a soothing calmness o'er her soul: she felt her confidence strengthened in Him who hath created this lovely earth, and also in the capacity for goodness with which he has endowed its rational inhabitants. Leaving her thus, let us look in upon Mrs. Phillips.

She is seated by the centre-table in her sitting-room, busily plying the needle. The children having retired, there is no one present save her husband, who is just laying aside the paper, from which he has been reading aloud, and is evidently about to commence conversation.

"I was much vexed by some remarks I heard about you this afternoon, Jane."

"Indeed! I'm sorry any thing should have occurred to disturb your equanimity, especially on *my* account."

"But they were so severe, so unjust!"

"We must expect severity, and even injustice, here. People know so little of what they judge, that they often condemn that of which they would highly approve did they know all. I have often respected the principle which condemned my conduct, though my own conscience entirely approved it. This may seem paradoxical; but I have reference to those cases where appearances are such that one must necessarily be misunderstood, — where explanation is impossible, improper on account of involving another, or, not being called for, might seem like too eager a desire to vindicate one's self, and thus even defeat its own object. In such instances I have frequently looked at myself with other people's eyes, as it were, and felt that in their places I should have judged the same."

"But you would not. You always find it so hard to believe

any one can do wrong, or can act from wrong *motives*, you would think there must be some good reason which you could not see."

"One *ought* to feel so, to be sure."

"But you don't ask what I heard: you don't seem at all anxious to know that."

"Well, I don't know that I am."

"Don't you *care* what people think or say of *yóu*?"

"Yes, perhaps too much; and for that very reason it may be best for me not to know, — unless it be something by which I might benefit; for rumor does sometimes tell the truth, though reputed a liar."

"In this case he does ample credit to his reputation, I assure you. However, I must tell you, whether you care to hear or not. Wishing to see Mr. Rice this afternoon, I went to his house, and, as he was not in, was shown into the library to await his arrival. The door between this and the sitting-room being slightly ajar, I could not but hear much of the conversation going on in the latter. A voice which I recognized as Mrs. Jones's was making quite free use of your name. I did not understand all that was said, but gathered something about your neglecting your own family to take care of your neighbors. Now, you and I know that is an utter falsehood: no statement could be more —"

"No! stop a minute, Charles, and let me explain. I shall have to plead guilty to that charge, in part. Mrs. Jones has more foundation for her opinion than you suppose."

"You? guilty of neglecting your family? You must have some wonderful revelation to make. Pray, go on."

"You know Jimmy Freeman was taken very suddenly sick, a few days since, and I was sent for: it was just after dinner (while Bridget was absent), and I ran down immediately, leaving my kitchen in great disorder, merely saying to the children that Jimmy was sick and I was going in there. It happened that Mrs. Jones came in while I was gone, and, seeing things in such confusion, naturally thought me rather an untidy housekeeper."

"*Naturally*, perhaps! But there was one part of Mrs. Jones's discourse, which, I must say, rather amused me, as a good caricature always does; and in this I could not but recognize, indeed, my wife. It referred to your fashion of "*smoothing*" over things, as she chose to term your charitable judgment of others: this *she* attributed to a want of the moral discernment necessary

to distinguish between right and wrong. The pauses between her sentences were filled up by Mrs. Rice's low tones, which I did not understand, but from Mrs. Jones's answers knew she must have taken up in your defence; and you may be sure you never more needed a champion. For my part, I felt much as one does with a mosquito humming about the ears, making a deal of noise, and drawing *some* blood. I could not but wish people had something else to do, besides prying into and publishing the affairs of their neighbors, with their own comments and explanatory notes on the margin of each page."

"There, Charles, you have hit upon the chief cause of the evil, and its excuse also. You will find that *most*, if not *all*, those people usually termed busybodies, are among the less educated classes. The human mind is naturally and necessarily active, and, if it have not one resource opened to it, will open for itself another. If it be not taught to take an interest in reading and literary pursuits, or is not entirely engrossed in domestic cares, it naturally seeks some other subject of interest. The study of character, in one way or another, is always interesting; and these people, for want of the elevated and comprehensive views which a mind enlarged by cultivation might give them, fall into the habit of noticing little things and drawing conclusions from insufficient data, and are thus necessarily led into errors of judgment. I have often thought those ought to be very thankful, who, much occupied with domestic duties, and possessed of sufficient literary taste always to find in a book agreeable employment for their spare moments, are thus exempt from the temptation to intermeddle with what does not concern them."

"And you should farther add, as an excuse for the severity with which they judge you, that, not having sufficient *moral* "cultivation" (or natural capacity) to understand the elevated principles from which you act, they cannot possibly appreciate the purity of your motives, and must therefore necessarily ascribe to you such as come within the limits of their own comprehension."

"O don't, Charles! I beg of you. If the censures of others lead you to flatter me, then may they indeed have power to injure. You must recollect you should be to me another self, a second conscience, to hold up before my eyes the mirror of truth, — not to draw a flattering portrait."

"Well, I will hold up the mirror, but regret that the reflection

is not complete. I wish I had the rest of the likeness: I think it would *please* you: it would certainly have the merit of being *not flattered*. Here is one feature I am sure you will admire. You are the lady who runs round to call on and *worm* (mind, that's verbatim), *worm* herself into favor with every new comer. Ah! I see, by the expression of your countenance, you are about to commence again, 'counsel for the defendant.'"

(Mrs. P., smiling.) "Well, Charles, you know I always do call upon strangers soon, because, from being so lonely when we first came here, I feel a sympathy for them which those cannot understand, who, always having lived in the same place, 'know not the heart of the stranger.' They therefore very naturally attribute it to a desire to make new acquaintances, or gain popularity."

"Very well done, Jane! You show yourself so ingenious a lawyer, that I intend in future to gather all I can to your disadvantage, for the sake of hearing you defend your accusers. I think I had better give out word, that, if anybody has any censorious remarks to make about Mrs. Phillips, it would give *Mr. Phillips particular pleasure* to listen to the same: I do not know how otherwise I can come at them, as I may not have another opportunity of playing the eavesdropper. But your '*smoothing*' power is really wonderful; for no wrinkles, either on my brow or temper, can withstand its influence, nor logic of mine can stand against your arguments on the side of charity. But you are so remarkable for always finding a use for every thing, pray tell us what important function in the social economy is performed by these same tale-bearers, with their critical annotations."

"They are like fire to silver, helping to purify the heart from the dross of unworthy motives. Were we sure of always meeting the approbation of our fellow-men for well-doing, — forgetting to look higher, we might learn to make this our motive of action. Besides, they serve to throw light upon our own characters, as even censorious remarks are generally but an exaggeration of our natural tendencies: they seldom, if ever, attribute to us traits opposite to those we really possess."

"I shall go in and shake hands with Mrs. Jones in the morning, and thank her for having been the means of thus drawing

you out, and exhibiting your character in an even *unusually* amiable light."

Mrs. Phillips looked up in her husband's face, with a smile that expressed her pleasure in his approbation, at the same time that it seemed to deprecate the flattering manner in which it was expressed. By his request, she seats herself at the piano; and, while they are discoursing sweet music, let us take our departure.

M.

THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XXXVI. 1—11.—PRAYER AGAINST THE HEATHEN.

- XXXVI. 1. Pity us, Lord God Almighty, and look upon us;
 And send thy fear upon all the heathen.
- 3 Lift up thy hand against the strange nations;
 Yea, let them know thy power.
- 4 As in their sight thou wert sanctified in us,
 So in our sight be magnified in them;
- 5 And let them know thee, as we have known thee,
 That there is no God, save thee, O Lord!
- 6 Renew thy miracles, and show other wonders;
 Glorify thy hand, and thy right arm.
- 7 Awaken thy wrath, and pour out thine anger;
 Take away our adversary, and destroy our enemy.
- 8 Hasten the time, and remember thine oath;
 And let thy great deeds be declared.
- 9 In fiery anger let him be consumed who thinks himself safe;
 And let them who wrong thy people perish.
- 10 Dash together the heads of the rulers
 Who say,—There are none beside us.
- 11 Gather all the tribes of Jacob together.
 [And let them again be thy portion, as of old.]

CHAP. XXXI. 1—31.*—OF RICHES, GLUTTONY AND DRINKING.

- XXXI. 1. Watching for riches wasteth the flesh,
 And the care thereof driveth sleep away.

* Chap. XXXI. 1,—chap. XXXIII. 15, are placed in the best editions between verses 11 and 12 of chap. 36.

- 2 Watching and care will drive away slumber,
As heavy sickness will banish sleep.
- 3 The rich man laboreth to gather money;
And when he resteth, he fareth sumptuously.
- 4 The poor man laboreth, and shorteneth life;
And, if he rests, becometh more needy.
- 5 The lover of gold is never cleared from sin,
And he that pursues destruction shall be filled with it.
- 6 Many have been given over to ruin by gold,
Although their destruction was before their eyes.
- 7 It is a stumbling-block to those that long for it,
And every fool shall be captured by it.
- 8 Blessed is the rich man who is found blameless,
Who hath not greedily sought for gold.
- 9 Who is he? and we will call him blessed;
For what he hath done is wonderful to his own people.
- 10 Who hath been tried thereby, and found perfect?
Let him make his boast thereof.
Who hath had opportunity to sin, yet hath not sinned?
And to do evil, yet hath not done it?
- 11 His good things shall be established,
And the congregation declare his kind deeds.

- 12 If thou art seated at a bountiful table,
Be not greedy to partake of it,
Nor say — How much there is upon it!
- 13 Remember how wicked is a greedy eye.
What if creation is more greedy than the eye?
Its sins cause tears upon every cheek.
- 14 Stretch not thine hand whithersoever thine eye is turned,
Nor thrust it into the dish as soon as thou seest it.
- 15 Judge of thy neighbor by thyself:
In every matter be discreet.
- 16 Eat, as it becometh a man, what is set before thee;
Not with noise of chewing, lest thou be hated.
- 17 Leave off first for manners' sake,
And be not insatiable lest thou offend.
- 18 When thou sittest among many,
Be not the first to reach out thy hand.
- 19 How little is sufficient for a well-bred man!
Wherefore on his bed he is not short-breathed.
- 20 Sound is the sleep of a moderate eater:
He riseth early, and his soul awaketh.

- But sleepless pains, and cholera,
And writhing gripes, are with the insatiable.
- 21 And if thou hast been forced to eat,
Arise, leave the company, and give thyself rest.
- 22 Hear me, my son, and despise me not;
For thou shalt at last find my words true.
In all thy work be active,
So shall no sickness seize thee.
- 23 The lip shall praise him that giveth bread,
The report of his bounty shall be believed.
- 24 The city will murmur against a niggard of his bread :
The report of his stinginess will be accurate.
- 25 Think it not manly to drink wine ;
For many hath wine destroyed.
- 26 The furnace prepareth an edge for tempering by dipping ;
So wine the heart of the proud for strife.
- 27 As good as life to men is wine,
If thou drink it in proper measure.
What life has he that hath no wine ?
For it was created to give cheerfulness to men.
- 28 Joy in the heart and cheerfulness of soul
Is wine taken in due measure and season.
- 29 Bitterness of soul is wine freely taken,
Bitterness in strife and quarrelling.
- 30 Drunkenness increaseth a fool's passion till he falleth,
Diminishing his strength and increasing his wounds.
- 31 In a banquet of wine reproach not thy neighbor,
Nor despise him in his merriments ;
Give him no word of reviling,
Neither oppress him by thy demands.

LETTER FROM GERMANY : — THE "PROTESTANT
CHURCH GAZETTE."

HALLE, ON THE SAALE, JAN. 24, 1854.

MR. EDITOR, — On the first of January of the present year appeared the first number of the "Protestant Church Gazette for Evangelical Germany," a journal edited by Professors Dr. Credner of Giessen, Hase of Jena, and Schwarz of Halle, with the promised co-operation of Prof. Gieseler of Göttingen, Hitzig and Schweizer of Zurich, Ruckert and Hilgenfeld of Jena, Nobel of Giessen, Weiss of Leipzig, and twenty others — Professors

from almost every German university. This paper is published weekly by Reimer in Berlin, at the rate of three thalers (\$2.25) per annum, and bears as its motto, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. Matt. xxiii. 8." It emanates from the left wing of the Schleiermacher school, and has been established not only to counteract the extreme scepticism of the day, but chiefly to oppose that narrow, bigoted, and uncritical dogmatism which, under the name of orthodoxy, is striving to make the creed rather than the Bible the rule of faith, and denounces as rationalism every use of reason in the study of the Scriptures. How far the movement may be successful, it is difficult, in the present conflict of parties and action of the government, to foresee; but the effort is as laudable and timely as it is significant: it has enlisted the talents of men who stand first as church historians and biblical critics, and, while clearly showing that all German theologians are by no means divided between two extremes, it cannot fail to commend itself to every liberal Christian. Thinking that the readers of the "Monthly Religious Magazine" will be interested in the same, and that the noble sentiments here uttered, worthy the country that gave birth to the Reformation (but which now needs herself so much to be reformed), must approve themselves to all lovers of religious liberty, while the theological opinions may well attract the notice of Unitarians, I send you the introductory and leading article from the responsible editor, H. Krause.

R. J. Y.

A WORD BEFOREHAND.

"SHALL, then, the knot of history so be loosed, — Christianity with barbarism, and science with unbelief?" So asked Schleiermacher, twenty-five years ago, of his contemporaries. He saw already in spirit the crisis approaching, which would bring into conflict science and Christianity. He saw already how the rising natural sciences would call in question all doctrines of the Christian church, and historical investigation the whole evangelic history; on the other side, however, a race of theologians, who, to rescue Christianity, would fortify themselves against all science, and pronounce Satanic all research beyond their fortifications. He would not live to see it, he said; he could calmly lay himself to rest: but his younger friends and their pupils and successors would have to meet the crisis, and they must be decided. To these he put the question, where would they then stand? He could think of none of them whom the crisis would find among the number of those gloomily intrenched. But what position would they take? Would they perhaps adopt the expedient of divesting their Christianity, by science, of all matter of divine revelation, and be willing to accept a Jesus who went about as the sage of Nazareth, or as a simple country rabbi; or the other, of borrowing their faith from the ideas of a high-sounding specu-

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E. J. Y.

A WORD BEFOREHAND.

"SHALL, then, the knot of history so be loosed, — Christianity with barbarism, and science with unbelief?" So asked Schleiermacher, twenty-five years ago, of his contemporaries. He saw already in spirit the crisis approaching, which would bring into conflict science and Christianity. He saw already how the rising natural sciences would call in question all doctrines of the Christian church, and historical investigation the whole evangelic history; on the other side, however, a race of theologians, who, to rescue Christianity, would fortify themselves against all science, and pronounce Satanic all research beyond their fortifications. He would not live to see it, he said; he could calmly lay himself to rest: but his younger friends and their pupils and successors would have to meet the crisis, and they must be decided. To these he put the question, where would they then stand? He could think of none of them whom the crisis would find among the number of those gloomily intrenched. But what position would they take? Would they perhaps adopt the expedient of divesting their Christianity, by science, of all matter of divine revelation, and be willing to accept a Jesus who went about as the sage of Nazareth, or as a simple country rabbi; or the other, of borrowing their faith from the ideas of a high-sounding specu-

lation? For himself, he could make no use of either of these two methods: for him, faith was something different, and derived its certainty from another source. He felt assured, that, in the Reformation, the ground had been laid for an "eternal compact between living Christian faith and scientific investigation on all sides free, independent, searching for itself, so that the former need not hinder the latter, and the latter not exclude the former; it were only necessary that we come to a more definite consciousness of the task in order to discharge it."

What Schleiermacher foresaw has quickly been fulfilled, far beyond his forebodings. The critical school of historical inquiry has not remained by the simple country rabbi: some of its leaders have not only stripped Jesus of his royal robes, but have transformed his entire picture into a dissolving view, and the whole gospel history into a mythology. The natural sciences swell in mightier flood against the dykes of Christianity: they are content no longer to ripple against the outworks, but they mean to carry away the foundations. Not only miracles and prophecies, not only heaven and hell, are thrown into the lumber-room of superstition: their heroes also announce that they have not found with their telescopes in universal space a God, nor with their finest anatomical dissecting-knives in the body the soul. But speculation had already earlier attained the same result by a shorter way: in accordance with philosophical hypotheses, it had blotted out all that relates to an hereafter and a world beyond; and brought low all the high places of Christianity, that the path of human history might be made straight for the infirm generation of the present age. And this generation of theologians? The "dark larvæ," above which Schleiermacher saw the ground rising, have long since "crawled out," and now fly in great swarms in the heaven of the church, with the monotonous cry, "Creed, creed." With this scream they carry all the sciences to the grave. With this wall they barricade all avenues to their Christianity, so completely that not a breath of air of inquiry may penetrate into their holy fortress. Already it is esteemed an honor, and is a qualification for the highest rank, to know nothing but the creed. But yet darker and more dismal shapes have again risen from their graves. We have seen the storm-birds, in their disaster-portending flight, making their way over the stage of the European world, whom we know as the sworn foes

of Protestant freedom and Protestant science. Confessionalism has long since broken with science, Ultramontaniam has never recognized independent science; and both are uppermost in both churches. Confessionalism and Ultramontaniam have made one covenant: they will exterminate modern culture from the surface of the earth, as of old the Jews did the Canaanites; because there will be no peace in the holy land, no security from contagion for the elect of God, till the last remembrance of this captivating wanton has been obliterated. In the pulpits and chairs of theological instruction, the old church dogmatics alone shall rule, and before this theology the natural sciences, history, and philosophy, shall either bow or be silent; and, in the schools, teachers and taught shall again feed on the wisdom of old church formulas. Not science alone, the entire culture and customs, civil and social life, the governments also of church and state, shall receive their law from an antiquated orthodoxy through the hands of a sole-ruling priesthood. They have laid a nice plan, and they are making preparations to carry it through.

Shall, then, the knot of history really so be loosed, — Christianity with barbarism, and culture with unbelief? So strikes the question with double earnestness upon our ear. To the surviving associates of the great man who gave to the evangelical church and theology a new direction, to all those who in any way are fellow-laborers with him in the new direction of theology and the church, the Present puts the question far more urgently and irresistibly, "Shall the knot of history so be loosed? and — where is *your* stand in this crisis?"

We, for our part, have a prompt and joyful answer ready. And, since now it has become so customary, we too will for once give our confession.

The old king of Friesland, Radbod, who, after long opposition, at length resolved to be baptized, asked the priest, after he had already put one foot into the water, if then he should meet also his forefathers again in heaven; and, when he learned that these, as unbaptized heathen, had fallen victims to eternal damnation, he drew his foot back, since he preferred to be rather with his brave ancestors in hell than with some poor priests in heaven. And, in America, one of the natives, who for the honor of God had fallen under the Spanish butcheries, and as a reward, while dying yet upon the battle-field, was on the point of being forwarded with

all haste to heaven by the attending priests through means of baptism, when in answer to his question he understood that Spaniards also were in heaven, begged for God's sake to be spared from baptism and from heaven. And, in opposition to *such* a Christianity, both were to a certain extent right. In truth, were the heaven of Christians really so narrow that the pre-eminent spirits of our nation, whom we are proud of, must irrevocably remain without, because they do not bear on themselves the stamp of the only-saving doctrinal theology, and only the little souls had place therein who calumniate all the great and noble that the nation has produced, — the great men, the great thoughts, and the great deeds, we would draw our foot back, we would not enter such a heaven; because we must be there where those also can be from whom we have our culture, and with whom our thinking and feeling, by innumerable threads, have been indissolubly intertwined: we cannot do without them for our felicity. Were this really Christianity, that all freedom and truthfulness in inquiry must be destroyed, and reason carried back into barbarous servitude to church-given statutes, we would have nothing to do with this Christianity. And, with the opposite, even so. Were that really the true height of scientific knowledge, that we must hold God for the weak conception of yet undeveloped thought, and all religion for the illusion of an inferior stand-point, and the whole history of Christianity for the history of the grandest human aberration, — were the true freedom of science in fact only there, where man had thrown overboard all subjects of belief and entirely freed himself from all faith, we must renounce all scientific knowledge and its freedom.

But we do not find ourselves, however, in this situation. It is not necessary for us so to decide, that we must place ourselves either on the side of an infidel science or an anti-scientific faith. We despair neither of science nor of faith. And it is not necessary for us to resort to those weak expedients, which besides have become already antiquated and despised. *We believe in the eternal compact between living Christian faith and unfettered science*, and leave to infidelity and superstition the league with barbarism. We do not mean to be robbed in the least of the freedom of scientific movement and its fruits, and nevertheless are sure that we do not forfeit any of the vitality of our faith.

On the contrary, the more living our faith, the freer will it leave knowledge; and, the more thoroughly use is made of the freedom of science, the more certainly will it contribute to the vitality of faith. True, living faith not only endures, it justifies, it demands, it creates free science. True, full, free science destroys not faith, but everywhere leads to it as its complement and presumption: half-knowledge only leads to infidelity.

We believe on Jesus of Nazareth as the Scriptures declare him, as the Christ of God, in whom has come the reconciliation of humanity. We believe that in this truly natural, truly human, truly historical person Jesus, nevertheless, a supernatural, super-human, super-historical life, that is, a new, divinely original, religiously moral life which the existing world, with the entire sum of its natural and historical powers, could not out of itself produce, has entered into humanity and its history, and from thence flows forth continually over the whole history of the race. But we wish not that science in any way be forbidden to approach investigating and testing this fact of our faith: yes, we demand it of science, that with all the means at her command she ascertain the historical reality of the same, and seek to comprehend the truth of what she has ascertained, with all its ideas.

Historical inquiry shall examine with all the keenness of criticism the records of our faith, into their origin, preservation, and composition, into their form and substance, and shall penetrate and sift them even to their centre, the form of the person of Jesus. Whatever cannot stand before the truth may fall: living faith does not enrich itself at the expense of the truth. We are well assured, scientifically assured, that out of the crucible of the severest criticism the records of our faith will come forth substantially as historically true and credible testimonies, and the essential substance of the evangelic and apostolic history as real historical facts; and that it is preponderating philosophical or moral prejudices which frequently bring to light the opposite result. But, should criticism even succeed, more convincingly than it has hitherto succeeded, in sweeping away these facts and making all historical testimony uncertain, He, the Saviour of the world, would remain to us standing nevertheless unmoved. If the historical character of the testimonies fell, the history of the world would prove their truth. What criticism takes away in witnesses, history must make up in facts. Since a sound contem-

plation of history needs for the tree of Christianity, which has stood for eighteen hundred years and overshadows and sways the world, one fact as its root that is strong enough to bear this burden. Genuine historical research leads to faith.

The natural sciences shall continue to explore all things that are in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth. They shall gain ever richer knowledge of the infinite variety and mutability of phenomena; ever deeper insight into their origin, laws, and forces. They shall apply themselves unrestrictedly with their richer knowledge to render miraculous appearances intelligible, childlike conceptions of the biblical records concerning nature to rectify, statements of the prevailing doctrinal theology to overthrow, and conventional prejudices to remove from the heart. They are not enemies of our faith, they are our confederates: we are grateful to them for every enrichment of our knowledge, for every correction of a conception, for every extirpation of a prejudice; for a living faith, that illuminates and sanctifies, labors itself unceasingly to put away ignorance and prejudice. Various doctrines and many established notions may fall away: with false notions and wrong doctrines falls not the living faith. Faith, at any rate, they shall leave to us untouched. Faith is elevated above the notions that have fastened themselves upon it: it is inaccessible to the assaults of the natural sciences. It is by no means science, but only the arrogance of a superficial knowledge, when natural philosophers, from the consciousness of a certain amount of knowledge and skill, deny existence to that which they do not detect in their retorts and with their knives. Where natural philosophy has become a science, where it has worked up the sum of its knowledge of nature to an organically constructed whole, there also it everywhere recognizes the limits of its sphere, and is conscious that all nature presupposes at bottom the supernatural and spiritual, as well as all knowledge of nature articles of faith. Scientific, penetrating natural philosophy inclines to faith.

Philosophy shall fathom deeper and deeper the rational connection of all things, from the nature of God down to the confines of nonentity. She shall draw also Christian faith, with all its facts and truths, into the circle of her comprehension. True Christian faith does not restrain her: it demands to be comprehended by her, and is thankful for every purer idea she proffers

it towards a better understanding of itself. Christian faith is conscious of standing not beyond reason, nor in contradiction with it, but rather of exhibiting the centre of all that is rational as the central point of the divine revelations. Philosophies of all kinds may undertake as much as they please to prove Christianity contrary to reason, and call in question the reality of the objects of religious faith: living faith will look on and smile in the certainty of its life, as a real man would at the proceeding of a dialectician who wished to reason him out of his own bodily existence. It is an error of philosophy, and is scarcely longer to be called philosophy, when out of a few paltry abstractions a rude measure is manufactured; and then, in conformity to the same, the gorgeous plants of God are thoughtlessly mown down in the midst of their verdure and succulence. Genuine philosophy develops her reason in the reason of the actual world, and puts all her reason in this, to comprehend the eternal divine Reason as it reveals itself in the world of reality; and, where the facts of nature and of mind and history do not accord with her ideas, there she perceives that her ideas are worthless, and reflects how to mend them. Genuine philosophy stands still, in humble wondering, before the rich divine world of Christianity, and devotes all her powers to comprehend this magnificent reality, instead of defaming or denying it. We feel well assured that sound philosophy will, from the nature of God, comprehend Christianity as his true revelation, and, from the nature of man, as his true consummation; because Christianity is for us the religion of the human reason. What is contrary to reason, and unreasonable, can and shall never be substance of Christianity; and what belongs truly and essentially to the substance of Christianity can and will stand before every rational reason. Profound philosophy is ever in alliance with Christian faith.

Living Christian faith, where it has attained supremacy, has ever created, and fostered, and matured free science; and, where the sciences have perished or been suppressed, there had the spirit of Christ always withdrawn from Christianity. How could it be in the nature of science to annihilate its own author? Untrammelled science and Christian faith are good friends. Perfect certainty of faith and perfect freedom of scientific inquiry, united, constitute the complete reason of an individual.

And, as with unfettered science, *so has living Christian faith made an eternal compact with all rational freedom.*

Christianity has created, wherever it has penetrated, every kind of freedom. The freedom of person and of property, the freedom of conscience and thought, the freedom of civil life and of public intercourse, the independence of states and the independence of the church, — these have all unquestionably sprung from the lap of living Christian faith. And, where these privileges have again been lost in Christendom, wherever in the name of Christianity the independence of the citizen and the church has been destroyed, the free movement of thought and conscience and speech hindered, there in every case the spirit of Christianity had departed, however Christian-like men may have behaved. How could freedom ever destroy faith, when it is the nature of vital faith to create all freedom?

Faith shuns not freedom, but loves it. Faith not only tolerates, but vindicates and demands, all freedom. Freedom belongs to the nature of faith. The saving power of faith is the true religious emancipation of the individual reason from the inferior powers of nature and the law of the letter. And only because it makes man free in his inmost personality can faith (but on that account it must, wherever it is alive) constantly produce out of itself all personal and public freedom. And hence also only there, and only so long, do all personal and public freedom truly endure, where they rest upon the moral and religious liberty of a living faith. Never does freedom, nor the unconstrained development from it of all moral powers, in any way come into contradiction with vital faith: that is done only by the unbridled, unreasonable, arbitrary will, that is determined to cut loose also from God and all divine order. Freedom and faith are ever in union. The more believing a man is, that is, the more dependent on God, the more independent will he be in respect to all the powers of the world. Complete feeling of dependence on God, and complete personal independence, these make a sound and entire personality.

We stand in a living Christian faith; but our faith stands in covenant with all reason and all freedom.

We profess Christianity in its fulness and entireness, as it is presented to us in the preaching of the apostles. But apostolical Christianity is neither an impediment to our free inquiry, nor a mere dead letter for the shaping of our life. And we are sure,

that, by the freest motion of thought and the freest formation of our moral life, apostolical Christianity will never be enfeebled, but will only go forth ever more transfigured in its fundamental, original significance.

We profess the Christianity of the Reformation with all our heart, as a new act of living Christian faith; as the very act, that, springing from the intrinsic freedom of faith, has delivered again the individual, conscience, thought, state, and church, from bondage to the reigning hierarchy. But therefore, also, we are resolved never to permit the Christianity of the Reformation again to be made a law, never to allow the views of the Reformers to be in turn imposed upon us as a regulation for our thinking and teaching, or their institutions as a rule for our moral conduct; but at all times, from the spirit that roused and actuated the Reformers, to stand in the relation of free men to their work. And we are convinced, that, whatever of their thoughts and institutions may fall, the religious principles from which they achieved the great act of emancipation must remain unchangeable as the basis of the world's future history.

We profess the Christianity of the Union,* as the legitimate continuation of the great act of the Reformation. But we hold to the Union, not as representing unity of doctrinal formulas, or uniformity of worship, or agreement of church polity; and not exclusively only to the Union in the particular form in which it has here and there been legally established; but above all things to the Union in its *essence*, as it actually rules everywhere (be it outwardly consummated or not) in the hearts of German evangelical Christendom, and is uninterruptedly being realized as a communion of faith, unhindered and undisturbed by all the diversity and variety of peculiar confessional forms; — the Union, then, for this reason, as allowing liberty of action not only to the free, but also to those yet bound; the Union, which is striving to gain over gradually to the communion of faith all the elements of the entire Christian church.

We profess Christianity, not only as it appears lofty and free and strong in faith, but also in all its weakness, one-sidedness, and obscurity, if only elements can be discovered of Christian truth

* The union of the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches advocated by the Prussian Government.

and Christian life. We profess a Christianity that reaches far beyond the limits of the Union.

We cannot bring ourselves absolutely to deny even to Confessionalism and Ultramontaniam, as hostile as we are to them, all Christian character; since we perceive in them elements of Christian truth. Ingenuous Confessionalism cares for the maintenance of Christian truth and ecclesiastical order, and only in the weakness of faith resorts to law as a means to effect that which the free action of the Holy Spirit alone can accomplish. Ultramontaniam is only the petrification and caricature of the idea of the Christian church as a Christian religious society independent of all the powers of governments, extending over all territorial limits, embracing humanity, united in itself; and it has the mission so long to hold up in caricature this idea of the world's universal holy Christian church, till Protestantism has comprehended it, and will take means to realize it in a more glorious form.

Even all the no-church and unchristian Christianity we may and cannot unsparingly reject, which for a time shows no visible outward connection with the church and with Christianity, or even behaves itself unseemly towards Christianity, and is nevertheless connected with it; that is to say, in such cases where true and faithful souls, owing to the existing unfavorable form in which it appears, so misunderstand Christianity or themselves or both, that they fancy that they stand in contradiction with the same. Since where a real desire for the knowledge of the truth, really a longing for moral freedom, is discovered, there also is an attraction ever going forth from Christianity to the individual, or from the individual to Christianity, as the centre of all truth and freedom; and there is, or already has been, much more Christianity there, than where with all the Christian forms and doctrines the eye is wilfully closed against the beams of truth, and the heart against freedom; and sooner or later it will find its way to its proper centre.

According to the precedent of the apostles, we profess a Christianity that is for the strong and for the weak, for the bond and for the free; we profess a Christianity that exists within and without the church, a Christianity world-historical, that rules all men, all nations, and all relations, with or against their will.

Our Christianity is a free, rational Christianity; our Christianity is large and rich and world-embracing, and has not room in the

dark walls of cloisters, nor in the close contracted circles of a few formulas and ceremonies : it needs for itself the fresh, free air of the blue heaven, and claims the great temple of the world's history. And this Christian faith, in alliance with reason and freedom, shall subjugate the future periods of history : this we believe most certainly.

And we are not ashamed of this faith, but intend to preach the gospel of a free, rational Christianity to all the world, — to the Jew as well as to the Greek.

To Judaizing minds, who would again coerce men under every kind of law, to the Confessionalists with their law of orthodoxy, to the Ultramontanists with their law of hierarchy, to statesmen with their law of outward force, we shall unceasingly hold up to the best of our ability the freedom of God's children from the law, and Christ as the author of all freedom.

To minds of a Greek cast, that is, to the cultivated and scientific despisers as well as the political and social antagonists of the faith, we shall not be weary in preaching Christianity, as far as we are able, as the eternal, divine Reason that fills all human reason.

For the Jews our text shall be : In Christ have mankind become men, and free from the law. For the Greeks : In Christ have mankind attained to reason.

There, now you have a creed from us, who are "without a creed." And in addition to this confession, another ; that we have much more and much else to confess in the present and in the future. And to these two, yet a third confession ; that, although we hold, and mean to hold all our life long, with strong assurance to the substance of our creed, yet we shall never willingly allow ourselves to be bound to any formula of this or any other confession ; but as we reserve to ourselves the liberty ever anew to prove and to improve every human creed, so also this our present and all our future ones, in all their parts, even to their foundation and centre.

Thank God, there are men enough in German lands, who do not permit themselves to be confounded by all the din of creeds and all the contumely of pretended knowledge, and who loyally preserve the union of their Christian faith with culture and with freedom. But they have not generally spoken of their sacred treasure : those who were men of science have, at most, exhibited

it in their scientific works, and practical people in a life of action, continuing as for the rest in the tranquil enjoyment of conscientious research and conscientious activity. And this in the correct faith, that the mighty truth would, notwithstanding, maintain the victory over the most reactionary disturbances and the most radical mistakes.

That may have been a period in the order of events, but it is so no longer. The opponents of free rational Christianity have become *practical*. The reactionists assail the institutions of liberal Protestantism, the radicals all Christian and divine order, with *deeds*. And they prosecute their work of destruction with the greater diligence, as the reactionists waste no time in thought, nor the radicals in study. And if they shall not be prevented in their work, the truth indeed will ever retain the victory; but at the first it will be over the ruin of these men and institutions by whom it should have been represented.

Thus, for those also who have hitherto been silent, a time of confession has come. To the confession of infidelity and the confession of slavery, must be openly opposed the confession of free, rational faith. Protestant believers in a free, rational Christianity must confess their faith openly before all people; that the German people be not misled in its high calling, to win for the world the union of Christian faith with knowledge and liberty. By a public loud confession, they must preserve the simple from being led astray, gain over many nobler souls from one-sided errors, and strengthen many leaders in state and church, that they may not fall a prey, in their faint-heartedness, to the clamorous parties.

God grant to the German nation, that it hold fast what it hath, that no man take from it the crown of its calling. May He give us grace, that we on our part may be enabled to contribute some stones to the great building of German Protestantism!

A MODERN APOSTLE.

BUT there is no need to dwell on the merits of the dead, nor to violate the modesty of private station, in order to disprove the assertion that the party of Wilberforce, Cecil, and Simeon, is effete. The notion is sufficiently confuted by living examples in the most conspicuous positions. One only we will mention, as a type of his class.

Dr. Perry, now Bishop of Melbourne, began his career by obtaining the highest honors which Cambridge can bestow. He was the Senior Wrangler of his year, and afterwards obtained a Fellowship of Trinity, and resided for some years in his College chambers. In that luxurious seat of learning he devoted himself, not to the amusements of literary leisure, but to alleviating the sufferings and caring for the spiritual interests of the destitute and wretched.

Barnwell, a great suburb of Cambridge, had recently sprung up, and then contained 10,000 inhabitants, almost exclusively of the very lowest class, and a large proportion of them supported by thieving and prostitution. For this population there was one small church, which held 200 people, and was endowed with £40 per annum. The incumbent (a man of the old school, now deceased) utterly neglected his flock, which was in a state of as hopeless degradation, spiritual, moral, and physical, as it is possible to imagine. Dr. Perry's first step was to purchase the advowson of this living, and to institute a working clergyman. He next built two large churches, and divided the overgrown cure into two ecclesiastical districts, each provided with its parochial schools, its district visitors, and other appliances of a well-organized parish. The second of these he took under his own pastoral charge, and refused, for its sake, one of the best livings in the diocese, which the Bishop offered him as a testimonial of his eminent services to the church.

Soon afterwards, the colonial bishopric of Melbourne was pressed upon him by the Government of the day. Dr. Perry was already a man of established reputation and independent fortune. He had every thing to lose, and nothing to gain, by accepting the offer. Had he acted on selfish principles, he must

have refused to give up the society of Cambridge, the comforts of English civilization, and the reverential attachment of grateful parishioners; and to exchange all this for perpetual exile and disheartening labor, far from the seats of all the Muses, among the Mammon-seeking and Jacobinical population of a new colony. But he was not a man to hesitate, when duty was on one side and inclination on the other. All earthly motives urged him to remain; but he heard a voice which called him to build up the church of Christ, and graft upon the vigorous growth of a new nation the germs of a higher life. That call he obeyed, and went forth in the spirit of the patriarchs, "*not knowing whither he went.*" And now, from time to time, come the tidings of his steadfast faith and patience triumphing over difficulty and prejudice; his unwearied activity; his confirmations in distant settlements; his visitations through the bush; and, latterly, of the personal hardships to which he has been subjected, by the sudden metamorphosis of his diocese into the gold-mine of the world. The last intelligence we have seen of him was given by a picture in an illustrated newspaper, which represented him preaching on the fork of a tree to the gold-diggers of Mount Alexander. That picture must have touched the hearts of many of his Cambridge pupils, as they remembered the happy English home which he had abandoned for such a destiny.

Who shall say that faith is dead, when such fruits of faith are living? Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? — *Edinburgh Review.*

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

THE NEBRASKA BILL.

THE popular protest against this impudent and infamous measure is accumulating in volume and power. Even those public men, editors, politicians, and preachers, who are accustomed to consult their constituency, their subscription-lists, and their congregations, before any moral committal, having had time to *collect* opinions (to speak of *forming* them in such a case would be an absurdity), are now for the most part speaking out what they have found it will be safe and expedient to speak. Nothing, in all the abominable history of this transaction thus far, is more striking or more

offensively suggestive, than the confidence with which its movers counted on success, provided they could only hurry up a decision in Congress, and so anticipate these popular instructions. Fortunately, the turn given to the question at the North is in the right direction. We dare hardly claim for all of this right feeling the credit of a high moral principle, or of a rooted and consistent hatred of oppression. But whether it results from a roused sense of justice, pushed to the last limit of forbearance, and now turned to bay, or from the exasperated sense of having been duped and befooled, in any case the tone of the Northern press and legislatures and pulpit is, with a very few exceptions, sound and clear. Senator Douglas and his friends may be thanked for pulling off the mask from that cleverly devised piece of political imposition, the Compromise of 1850. The exposure is mortifying, but yet wholesome. The authors of this bill may be only the providential instruments for publishing an impressive illustration of the folly and futility of any compromise with wrong. The wickedness of it was manifest enough always.

It is curious to see how the unsealing of certain oracular lips acts in such a case. Some newspapers, that were silent as death till the interests that are their masters gave the word of permission, beginning then with a timid and affectedly nonchalant air, as if they meant to exhibit no violent transition in passing from the side of the oppressor to the side of the oppressed, have gone on gaining emphasis and fervor from day to day, till at last they have really wrought themselves into quite a fervent and edifying pitch of virtuous indignation. Others, less cunning, and delighted to have the padlock taken off, dashed away all at once into a vehemence of anti-slavery zeal quite ludicrous. These must be looked after by their prudent keepers, or they will do mischief. When men begin to talk truth and liberty, there is no knowing where it will end. Others still, exulting in the sense of present license, are evidently thinking to make up for their reserve and backwardness on former occasions, by now letting loose all the epithets at their command, and so atoning for a guilty silence there by a garrulous onset here. Those who are in the habit of taking their position on moral questions, not by hearsay nor dictation, but from reason and conscience, the "Old Guard" of American freedom, have been prompt to detect the unparalleled iniquity of this violation of all common faith, and have uttered themselves wisely and strongly, as became them, on a proposal to turn our Republic into a wholesale propagandist of one of the most terrible and hopeless forms of human slavery. It will be felt and

seen, finally, that we must either throw away the Declaration of Independence, and disown the Revolution and the Revolutionary Fathers, or else conform our legislation to the instincts of universal right and the laws of God.

In Congress, a process has been going on, about equally ludicrous and mournful, corresponding to that witnessed outside. The few thoroughly independent men have been frank and firm from the first. The time-servers have diligently sought "to know the feeling at home," and, the returns being mostly in, are now prepared to vote and talk to any extent. At the time of our writing, though there has been much intelligent and sensible speaking, no one trumpet-tone, such as might have been expected, has rung from those halls across the land, — stirring the blood as it loves to be stirred, — the eloquent cry of outraged and irrepressible humanity. Perhaps such a voice is yet to be heard there; and in some cases it may have been temporarily restrained hitherto from a conscientious apprehension that the all-important cause of the opposition would be damaged, if men notorious for radical anti-slavery sentiments were early and prominent in the debate.

In one aspect, beside that already mentioned, the Nebraska Bill may answer a useful purpose. Being a sort of concentration or epitome of all the pro-slavery audacities and monstrosities thus far, it may serve in the future as a low-water mark for political profligacy and debasement. But, under this fresh development, what becomes of the reiterated and widely-accepted declaration, that the whole South is sick of slavery, sincerely desires to put an end to it, *and would have taken efficient measures to that end long ago*, but for the ill-timed *anti-slavery agitation at the North*?

Since the above was written, we have read the dignified, decided, and very forcible speeches of Messrs. Chase of Ohio, Seward of New York, and Sumner of Massachusetts. We do not see how it is possible that any Massachusetts man should not feel in his heart that the State is nobly represented in this instance by Mr. Sumner's generous positions and manly eloquence. Popular assemblages have begun to be held in all parts of the North and West, protesting vigorously against the odious measure. Two have lately been convened in Faneuil Hall; one conducted by the explicit Anti-slavery and Free-soil leaders, the other by conservative Whigs. Of these two, the former was much the more remarkable for singleness of impression, sustained enthusiasm, and the numbers in attendance. Perhaps the latter will have more weight at Washington. But at this, it was evident that the spirit of the platform and the spirit of the floor were not at one. The speakers

were applauded exactly in proportion as they forgot the compromises of 1850, and approached towards a clear and emphatic anti-slavery utterance. But the audience were good-natured, and seemed to be thankful for even the smallest favors in that direction. The only irrepressible outbreak of disgust was when a clergyman undertook, gratuitously, to apologize for the *relation* between master and slave. Of course, it was easy to make allowances for the Pagan delusion of this excellent man; but it was bitter and humiliating in the extreme, to find the moral clear-sightedness of the mixed multitude compelled to rebuke the representative of the Christian pulpit, and the honor of Christ wounded by the strange obtuseness of his ordained minister. It is a good thing, sometimes, to take a preacher out of his ceremonies and his pulpit, where he has things so much after his own way, and plant him down face to face with the free instincts of a promiscuous gathering of the people. Faneuil Hall and the "Old South" are two different places.

At the close of the meeting, the feeling of the audience had full play, when the venerable form of Josiah Quincy, senior, was spontaneously summoned to the stand. There spoke once more the old familiar voice of American liberty, the spirit of the Revolution; and the heart of the people leaped up with a mighty, responsive thrill. It was clear, that, in those aged and tremulous organs, their "wonted fires" had not yet grown cool.

MINISTERIAL DISQUALIFICATION. — We heard authentically, the other day, of a parish with a vacant pulpit, that, after trying a candidate the usual length of time, avowed themselves altogether satisfied with him in every respect but one: they could not consent to settle him because he was too old. On inquiring what his age might be, we were told he was thirty-eight! Is this one of the "encouragements" to the profession? "Young America" has clearly got into the meeting-house.

PUBLICATIONS.

James Munroe & Co. have the charming and thoughtful work of ARTHUR HELPS, — *Friends in Council*, — very handsomely printed, and bound in two volumes. This collection of essays and dialogues has already passed successfully the ordeal of criticism on both sides of the Atlantic. It has taken its place in the select society of scholars and thinkers. The reader has only to open at any page to find himself at once in contact with a superior

nature. Many a journal, speech, and sermon has been adorned and strengthened by its calm wisdom, its condensed philosophy, its eloquent, epigrammatic, sententious sayings. Especially is the pure, chastened style of its author to be gratefully admired in these days of rhetorical extravagance and excessive straining for startling effects, — the peculiar vice of American popular literature. Mr. Helps is a thoroughly conscientious writer, reverencing his sacred art too deeply to play tricks for his own ambition. His calm, high discourse comes in upon our florid declamation like a strain of stately music on the night-air after the volubility of a hot ball-room.

The same publishers have put out a new edition of the *Family Prayer Book*, by Rev. CHARLES BROOKS. — A minister is often asked by some of his people to recommend a volume of domestic and private devotion. Of the several collections in use, each undoubtedly has its peculiar excellencies. After some examination, and an impartial notice of the devotional effects of each, during a not very extended professional course, we may safely affirm, that, for breathing the true spirit of prayer, for variety of topics, comprehensiveness and simplicity of expression, and high sentiment, none of the later works is superior to this of Mr. Brooks.

Also: *The Recalled, in Voices of the Past, and Poems of the Ideal*. By JANE ERMINA LOCKE. — This name, known to many of our readers, and more or less to the reading public at large, is known only to be associated with affection and respect. Her poems touch a wide diversity of interests and subjects. They show a genial heart, a pure taste, a diligent imagination, and much facility in the composition of verse. They are often fervent, but rarely impassioned; and, where they do not rise to the loftiest pitch of inventive force, seek some wholesome end. Those who love to see the various feelings that attend an intelligent and Christian experience of life cast into smooth and graceful numbers, will find much to gratify them in these pages. The frontispiece presents a likeness of the author.

Also: *The Emigrants, or First and Final Step*. By a Boston Lady. A story that gains the ready interest of the young, and may be safely put into their hands. — And *Lucy Herbert, or the Little Girl who would have an Education*; with illustrations; a tale that conducts an enterprising orphan child through fluctuating fortunes on to marriage and a respectable settlement.

Benedictions, or the Blessed Life. — In this distinctly printed volume, published by J. P. Jewett & Co., the Rev. Dr. JOHN

CUMMING; the well-known and very popular minister of a Scottish church in London, sets forth the characteristics of the heavenly state, as he gathers them from the New Testament, and the various consolations afforded to man's present trials from the hope of immortality. The work is useful, not in shedding light on difficult problems, that vex the intellect, so much as in reviving the familiar experiences of the devout heart, and expatiating on the imagery of the future that is presented in revelation. The titles of the twenty-four chapters suggest many interesting themes of consolation to the suffering and bereaved. Through a poetical quotation on the title-page, the author intimates that his aim is not originality but practical service. There is also a "pen-and-ink sketch" of Dr. Cumming, by Mr. John Ross Dix, in the flashy and feeble style peculiar to that writer.

The American Almanac for 1854. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. — How many thousands of literary men, and literary productions, of large fame and showy pretensions, will stand indebted to this modest, thin, paper-covered volume; to its rich and orderly mass of statistics, its tables of dry figures, and condensed chapters of all manner of information! Every professional man, to say nothing of the man of business, who owns it, will be saved a vast deal of running and borrowing and guessing and blundering in the course of the year. "Blessings on the man that" not "invented" but arranged facts! This ancient series maintains its high scientific character. The Astronomical Department is under the care of that accomplished mathematician and accurate observer, Lieut. Charles Henry Davis, of the United States Navy.

Cousin Nelly; or The Visitors. — Another of the "Uncle Toby" books, sold by G. C. Rand. None of this series, so far, has been a failure. Before this No. had been many minutes on our desk, small hands were laid upon it, and a pair of eyes five years old were not taken from the fair pages till they had devoured the whole story. "Fretful Lillia" is here shown — as we learn on the authority indicated above — to have improved in temper. Still later comes to hand, *Minnie's Playroom*, of the same series, telling how to play calisthenics, and pronounced by the same critic to be better than "Cousin Nelly." Later still, — *Arthur's Triumph, or Goodness Rewarded*, — No. 12, and worthy to come after those that went before, which is praise enough.

Autumn Leaves: Original Pieces in Prose and Verse. Cambridge: John Bartlett. — This delightful volume is made up of papers which were originally thrown together to help on a charitable fair. Having well served that benevolent purpose, they

were thought too good to be cast out of the permanent domain of letters; and with that judgment we heartily coincide. There is real genius in them, and a genuine New England relish. They are introduced to the public by one of our own favorite contributors, — whose pen, we are glad to believe, is again at work in our behalf, — Miss Anne W. Abbot. How many of the sketches are not her own we are not informed; but we have a right to expect to hear more from all the bright minds that have poured their fires into this urn:

We have received the three following volumes from Gould and Lincoln: —

Paley's Natural Theology. — We shall not undertake here to say any thing new on the subject of Paley in general, or his argument and illustrations of the Divine Workmanship in creation, in particular. Those in search of such matter may consult Mr. De Quincey. What is peculiar to this revised edition, however, are a Preface by John Ware, M. D. of Boston, with notes, quite a long collection of striking illustrations, plates, and notes from Paxton's edition, and extracts from the celebrated treatise of Charles Bell on Animal Mechanics.

The Complete Poetical Works of William Cowper. — Cowper can afford to dispense with a "first-rate notice," perhaps as well as Paley. But whoever wants a convenient, compact duodecimo edition of his poetry, for a very reasonable sum of money, will do well to inquire at Gould & Lincoln's. The steel engravings are uncommonly good.

The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star. — The extensive sale of Dr. Choules's lively, chatty, brisk, ingenious, gossiping, and instructive narrative of this famous excursion of Capt. Vanderbilt and his party across the Atlantic and through the European waters, is certain. Nobody can doubt that the company had an excellent time; that they were hospitably entertained; and that Dr. C. has here done his best, mingling the relevant and irrelevant together, to gratify his companions, and to amuse all that will read.

Bow in the Cloud. By Rev. G. W. BRIGGS. — Munroe & Co. have met the continued demand for this collection of beautiful, consolatory discourses, from the pen of one of our most gifted brethren, by issuing a new edition. This permanent call for the work furnishes of itself a more effectual recommendation than any we could offer, and one that must bear a very sacred reward to the author. The new edition contains, besides, nine excellent sermons not before published.

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in Good Books.

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LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN. By Rev. Rufus W. Clark.—First thousand sold in four days.

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THE LAST HOURS OF CHRIST. By W. G. Schauffer, missionary at Constantinople.—A religious work of rare excellence and beauty.

THE PERSIAN FLOWER. Being a Memoir of a Daughter of Rev. Justin Perkins of Persia.—A sweet child.

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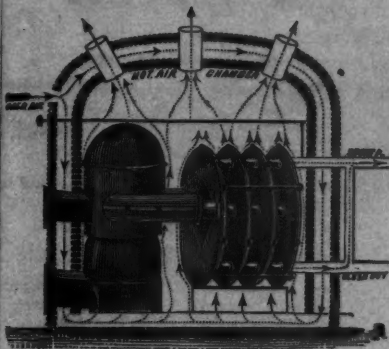
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